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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's attitude in respect of the newly created Customs Court of Appeals, is understood to be that the judges must be lawyers equal to their responsible duties. The failure of Congress to provide in the Emergency Deficiency bill an appropriation for the judges' salaries may result in the establishment of salaries of \$10,000 a year instead of the \$7,000 rate which was the figure tentatively fixed upon in the deficiency appropriation. The President has decided to make no appointments until Congress acts. He will doubtless take the most solicitous care in filling the new court. The suggestion that it contain lay members he is said to oppose. The experience of importers with the General Board of Appraisers would seem to support this determination on the President's part. We shall confidently expect the new tribunal to contain no "jokers." The confidence of the country would not be gained by seeing Judge Littauer, Judge S. N. D. North, and others of that ilk on the customs bench.

The President's policy in making census appointments in the South is now announced. In States solidly Democratic, the jobs are to be equally divided between the Democrats and the Republicans. In "debatable" States, however, all the census places are to be given to Republicans. The President's statement adds, with gravity, that in all cases he will insist that the appointees "shall not be active partisans, but capable men." If this means anything, it means that some sort of test or examination is to be made, beyond the mere recommendation of politicians. They, of course, always recommend "capable men"—men capable of great usefulness to themselves. Census enumerators, being special and temporary appointees, have long been made a part of the spoils system, and the bill for taking the next census, while providing that the clerks in the bureau at Washington shall be chosen under the civil-service rules, left the naming of the men who are to collect the actual information, as before, to

politicians. The President has shown, by his appointment of a new Director and Assistant Director of the Census, that he is anxious to have a thoroughly scientific and trustworthy piece of work done next year. Yet he must know that a great deal will depend upon the choice of enumerators.

Speaker Cannon's long-promised punishment of the insurgents among his own party reflects not nearly so much upon them as upon him. To his narrow partisan mind it is, of course, just the thing to do. Whip the insubordinate and reward the abjectly obedient—this is always the creed of the party boss, and from his point of view it is often good politics. Not in this case, however; the split in the Republican party has gone too far to be cured in any such way. Indeed, the pettiness of Mr. Cannon's action is likely to make matters worse and intensify the growing opposition to him. And he has not even gone far enough with the axe really to play the executioner impressively. Mr. Fowler has been a very useful man, and so has Congressman Cooper. As for Congressman Gardner, it will hardly improve Senator Lodge's relations with the Speaker that his son-in-law should thus be degraded. The truth is that the Speaker's action will only remind people anew that he belongs to another political age, and that the sooner he disappears from Congress the better will be its atmosphere, the quicker it will respond to the popular will, and the less it will be controlled by selfish interests.

At least one of Mr. Cannon's new appointments will be acclaimed—as it was applauded in the House—that of Congressman James Breck Perkins of Rochester as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. To this position, he is fully entitled by reason of ability and attainments, and it may well be that his able handling, in behalf of the House, of Mr. Roosevelt's charges against Congressmen in connection with the Secret Service appropriation, won him this preferment. Mr. Vreeland's selection to head the Committee on Banking and Currency had been discounted. He was, with Mr. Aldrich, sponsor for the currency bill pass-

ed last year, which remains so melancholy a piece of largely unused and unnecessary legislation, and will now play a great part in the promised efforts to reform the currency at a future special session. He is one of Mr. Cannon's intimates, and, judging by his past record, may be relied upon to take orders.

In view of the improvement in our consular service, it should seem as if the \$100,000 granted by Congress to Mr. Knox for extending our commerce might best be used to teach American merchants that they cannot trade with natives of Japan or India on the same basis as with their neighbors of Kankakee. The Philadelphia Commercial Museums have long been doing valuable service of this sort, and similar object lessons are widely needed; for we must lay aside the old notion that the Yankee is the shrewdest trader in the world. He is, however, eminently teachable. Our agricultural experiment stations and their wonderful results in diversifying and intensifying crops, prove this beyond dispute. Travelling exhibits of the goods needed abroad and statistics as to the opportunities offered would seem to be one of the needs of the hour, if the American merchant will not study for himself or send the proper commercial traveller—he usually selects a drummer to travel in China, because he has "made good" in some Michigan lumber camp. There is, however, one way in which Mr. Knox's \$100,000 could be made of especial value—by collecting and disseminating information showing how our absurd tariff laws, which close our own markets to foreigners, tend to close theirs to us and invariably sow the seeds of dislike abroad.

It is not a convincing argument for Government railway operation—this report which Mr. Bernard M. Baker has made to President Taft upon the freight charges in force across Panama. The Panama Railroad and the Panama Steamship Company are now owned by the Government, and are operated as commercial lines. The rates in force upon American commerce are sharply discriminatory against our shippers in favor of those of Europe. Thus the rate on dry goods from New York to Cen-

tral America is \$21.40 a ton, while from Europe it is \$20.40 a ton. The Panama Railroad charges from Colon to Panama, in case the consignment comes from New York, \$3.46 per ton; if from Europe, \$2.77 per ton. Coffee, rubber, cocoa, all show the same comparative difference in rates, Mr. Baker declares. He is of opinion that these discriminatory rates were continued by the present company not of set purpose, but merely as an inheritance from the former owners of the Panama properties. Be this as it may, it is certainly a sinister omen that government control necessitates investigation by an outside party to obtain equitable treatment for the shippers of the nation that is building the Panama Canal. The differences in rates which result from charging what the traffic will bear, instead of rates set upon a mileage basis, are notoriously great. The greatest disparities are sometimes seemingly justified by considerations of return loads, competing carriers, or alternative routings. But the case in point seems to be one where the rates simply bleed the American shipper to the advantage of his foreign rivals.

The old tease of convict labor is again to the fore. The State Labor Department of New York has caused the arrest of a dealer for selling convict-made goods from Illinois without displaying a conspicuous sign that he dealt in products of that character. The law of this State prevents clothing made by our own prisoners from being put on the general market. But this apparently makes our market only a favorite dumping-ground for the convict-made products of the Joliet Penitentiary. The arrested dealer's attorney argues that the requirement to display the sign in question is an interference by a State law with the exclusive power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. It certainly should seem to discriminate against one class of goods, the subject of interstate commerce, in favor of another class. The difficulties affecting the products of convict labor are numerous. To keep convicts idle would be cruelty to them. It would be to forego the reformatory influence that the practice of a trade confers. To let out convict labor (inside the prison) to contractors is to invite harsh treatment of the State's wards if the contractor is cal-

lous or brutal. It too frequently gives an unfair differential advantage over those who make the same product by free labor. To confine the employment of prisoners to tasks which the prison wardens can direct is often uneconomical and ineffective. Probably the best disposition of the matter is to limit the work of the prisoners to providing goods required in the various public institutions. As for the dumping of wares made by foreign convicts upon the markets of another State, the proper remedy would seem to lie in the hands of Congress, and in the widened area of enlightenment in all our States in this matter of prison reform.

It was inevitable that the proposals of the committee of New York Supreme Court judges, aiming to lessen the law's delays, should be sharply criticised by lawyers. Special attack is made upon the suggestion that the demurrer be practically done away with. This is an old and often a most useful pleading, and it is not surprising that the bar should stand up for its continuance. Great abuses have undeniably arisen in connection with it, but these might be got rid of, it should seem, without entirely disallowing the demurrer. Very likely, this was what the justices really had in mind, in their somewhat vague recommendation. As to the salutary nature of their action, as a whole, there can be no difference of opinion. It shows that those most nearly concerned are at last awaking to the need of removing the reproach which attaches to the administration of justice in this State. The judges do well to point out that their plan is only tentative and merely a beginning. To be satisfactory, the reform of judicial procedure will have to be much more far-reaching. The public will be neither contented nor secure until steps are taken to amend the jury laws, so as to make impossible the present outrageous methods, in important trials, and to abolish wanton and frivolous appeals to higher courts.

The defeat of Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, in the special election, or referendum, on another issue in his perennial traction struggle, was apparently not a decision on the merits of the question. It was, rather, an expression of the city's weariness at the way in which the whole matter had been kept in poli-

tics, year after year. The forces arrayed against the Mayor conducted their campaign on that basis. The Chamber of Commerce, as also a non-partisan association of business men, and the leading newspapers of both parties, rang the changes on the great harm to the city which was being done by the continued agitation. The cry was for a final settlement and a good rest. Granting that Mayor Johnson was right in his contentions and sincere in his motives, he made the fatal mistake, politically, of tiring the people out. The ability of a democracy to remain at a white heat of indignation, and to keep its attention fixed steadily upon the same subject for a long time, is notoriously limited. This is a lesson which many a leader before Johnson has had to learn in bitter experience, and it is his turn now. Besides this fatigue of the electors, there was the difficulty that the rival plans submitted to them were not so radically different as easily to arouse intense feeling. The so-called Schmidt franchise was for only a portion of the street-car lines, but was for a flat three-cent fare. On the other hand, the proposal of the old companies, as suggested by Judge Tayler, in whose court the receivership had its authority, was for a reorganization and a franchise, under which the maximum fare was not to exceed seven tickets for twenty-five cents, with one cent additional for transfers, while the earnings of the corporation were to be kept to 6 per cent. on the actual value of its property. This is undoubtedly the settlement which will now be made.

The people of Connecticut evidently think that New York State has got a good thing in its Public Utilities Commission law. Last Thursday in the lower house of the Connecticut Legislature, there was a battle royal between the Chandler bill, modelled after the New York statute, and the Barnum measure, contrived in the interests of the railways and the trolley lines. Connecticut has long had a railway commission of the "weak type," with power only to scold. Places upon it have been political plums, whose net effect has been to draw salaries from the State Treasury and to furnish passes for the Commissioners and their families. The Barnum measure proposes to except from the jurisdiction of the new commission steam and electric roads. It is charged

that the attorney of the New Haven Road is its author. The Chandler bill would do away with the present Railroad Commission, and give the new commission power over all public service corporations. The presence and activity of lobbyists and corporation managers on the floor of the House became so scandalous that the Speaker, amidst an uproar, finally ordered their ejection. After it seemed violently probable that the Chandler substitute for the majority's recommendation of the Barnum measure would just pass, three votes changed with suspicious rapidity, and the substitute for the majority report was negatived, 105 to 103.

Dr. Jameson and Gen. Botha, sitting side by side on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords, while the Colonial Secretary asked for the second reading of the bill to create a South African commonwealth, in which Briton and Boer should have equal rights—this is the astonishing and gratifying spectacle which England is able to offer to the world. Who could have believed it possible, when the desolating war in South Africa was raging, so short a time ago? It is a vivid proof that Great Britain has not lost her acquired skill in colonial administration. So healing and constructive a piece of legislation as this Act of Union for the four South African Colonies has not been seen in many a year. It is an evidence of England's real greatness more convincing than all her battleships. The consummation of this great act of statesmanship under a Liberal Ministry will rank as perhaps the proudest achievement of the present Government. The Conservatives were at first cold to the project, which they pronounced premature, but in view of its triumphant conclusion, they do not stint their applause. Both Lord Curzon and the Marquis of Lansdowne offered their hearty congratulations to the Government, and even Lord Milner uttered no jarring note. All this is far more of a national glory than talking till doomsday about *debellare superbos*.

In replying in the House of Commons, the other day, to the protests of the Labor members at the official welcome to the Czar, the Foreign Secretary declared, for the Government: "It is not our business to know what passes in the internal affairs of other countries where

we have no treaty rights and no extra-territorial obligations." This was in response to the array of statistics showing the appalling number of military executions in Russia. Now, this position of Sir Edward Grey's may be sound, but it certainly is not the traditional position of England. She has long aspired to be, as Lord Rosebery once put it, the "moral censor of Europe," and has made it very much her business to know what passes in the internal affairs of other nations. Is Palmerston so completely forgotten? Has Gladstone passed wholly out of remembrance? In the case of Bulgarian atrocities and Armenian massacres, it is true, England might be alleged to have a right of intervention under her treaties with Turkey; but what really led to intervention was simply moral indignation overflowing the nice boundaries of diplomatic propriety. It is hardly fitting for a Liberal Minister to disown the past of the Liberal party.

Reports of the "general strike" in Stockholm seem to point to a result similar to the recent strike in Paris, and for much the same reasons. Everything now indicates a failure of the strike; partly due, perhaps, to lack of funds and dissatisfaction of the rank and file with their leaders, but due, in large measure, no doubt, to the public opinion, which is probably as strong in Sweden as in France, against a strike which tends to render inoperative the necessary activities of a great city, tying up traffic, shutting down electric lights, and paralyzing postal service. To put up with such widespread practical inconveniences, the community must feel that a great moral and social principle is involved; and whatever one's political and social ideas may be, it is obvious that the general strike is not widely regarded as an inclusive moral measure. Even in the Socialist camp there is much condemnation of the general strike.

Recent threatened revolutions, in Russia, France, Spain, and Sweden, have all been more or less connected with industrial disputes. The "general strike" has played a part in all of them. It may be noted that in these countries, especially in Russia and Sweden, general culture takes a strongly modern turn. Their literature, art, and music are

largely limited to those materials and ideas which are of relatively recent origin. To the imagination of the modern writer, even in a country of classic tastes, such as France, the new social tendencies strongly appeal. Witness not only the great Russian group, but also men like Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, and, indeed, a large proportion of the contemporary writers of distinction. In music, the name of Tchaikovsky suggests an intense art comment on the modern social consciousness. In Sweden, the "intellectuals" are especially affected by the latest note, often expressed with an extreme hopelessness.

It is about fifteen years ago that the Spaniards were fighting the Moors at Melilla, much as they are to-day, without, however, quite so heavy losses. But conditions in their camps in 1894 explained clearly why they made no better showing against the tribesmen in Africa or the natives in Cuba. At that time the famous Martinez Campos commanded, but the sanitary situation was unspeakably bad, the men being crowded together, with little genuine discipline. The sentry work was poorly performed, and there was a general air of laxity and shiftlessness which fully prepared the observer for the weaknesses exhibited by the Spanish army in Cuba. The Spaniards, moreover, had lost severely in their conflicts with the Kabyles, who then, as now, fought with the fanaticism of the Sudanese in their battles in Egypt. It was currently believed that the Spanish general who fell in one of the engagements was shot in the back by his own men. But the troops were on the whole marvellously cheerful, considering everything. For Melilla is at best an unattractive place, a town crowded on to a high rock jutting out into the Mediterranean—picturesque enough, but lacking in all real comforts and wholly inadequate to house the wounded properly. The fortifications are mainly antiquated, the outlying blockhouses still dangerous to maintain, and the whole town probably untenable, were the enemy in possession of modern artillery to mount upon near-by mountain slopes. That the Spanish army was as unable to profit by the lessons of the 1894 Melilla campaign as by its years of fighting in Cuba, is apparent from the present battling.

THE UNSETTLED TARIFF.

The tariff bill which was to settle everything, has settled nothing. It was to end agitation, but has only sharpened it. No other inference can fairly be drawn from the strong opposition shown to the last by Republicans in both House and Senate, from the President's statement at the time of signing the bill, and from its reception by press and people. The tariff is plainly to remain one of those unsettled questions which will have no pity for the repose of this nation. It will not be settled till it is settled right.

No previous Republican tariff has been passed with such marked Republican disapproval stamped upon it so conspicuously. When the McKinley bill came up for final passage, only one regular Republican Senator, Mr. Plumb of Kansas, voted against it. Senators Pettigrew and Paddock were also recorded in opposition, but they were even then regarded as more Populist or Democratic than Republican, and Mr. Pettigrew did, in fact, shortly abandon even his nominal Republicanism. For the Dingley bill in 1897, the solid Republican vote in the Senate was cast. Contrast this with what we saw on Thursday of last week. Despite the full pressure of party, notwithstanding appeals in which even the President is said to have joined, seven Republican Senators stood out to the end, recording their protest against the Payne bill, as giving the lie to party pledges and containing, as Senator Dolliver boldly contended, swindles upon the American people. The two Senators from Minnesota, the two from Iowa, the only Republican Senator from Indiana, with one from Wisconsin and one from Kansas, refused to fall in line with their party. Nothing so significant and so ominous has ever before attended the passage of a high-tariff bill. It argues irresistibly that a great change has come over the country. These Republican Senators faithfully represent their constituents. The Republicans of the West are up in arms against the continuance of protective duties which mean high prices and monopoly. Unless something is done to satisfy them, disaster to the Republican party is certain to follow.

This sense of widespread dissatisfaction and rebellion is distinctly reflected in President Taft's statement. He signs the bill, for the sake of its good

features, while admitting that it is not "a complete compliance with the promises made." And he gives a plain intimation that the end is not yet. Speaking of the power conferred upon him to employ skilled agents to investigate the actual working of the new tariff, he remarks that they will be enabled to acquire information "under circumstances favorable to its truth." The implication that much of the alleged information submitted to Congress was only a pack of lies, could hardly be clearer. Furthermore, declares Mr. Taft, the exact facts, as secured by the Tariff Commission, will furnish a basis for "future Executive recommendations." But Executive recommendations about the tariff can mean only recommendations to Congress to change certain schedules. This is the obvious inference from the President's language; and it is borne out by the explicit assertion of a Washington correspondent that Mr. Taft is making plans for further tariff revision. This suggestive dispatch says:

The President has let certain Senators and members of the House know within the last few days that he is not satisfied with some of the schedules in the new law, especially with the woollen and cotton schedules. He has made up his mind to pursue the investigation into those schedules which he began just before the bill came out of conference, and upon the results obtained from this line of inquiry to base a recommendation to Congress for further action which will involve a substantial revision of them.

We shall hear more of this when the President makes his Western tour next month. All accounts agree that the Republican managers in the West are deeply concerned over the political outlook. They are counting much upon Mr. Taft's efforts to "soothe" the disgruntled people in their part of the country. But the only way to soothe a man who feels that he has been cheated, is to show that you propose to correct the injustice done him. This is as true of tariff cheating as of any other kind. Men in the West are now persuaded, as the speeches of the Iowa Senators show, that many parts of the Payne-Aldrich bill are designed to rob them; and when the President goes out to talk to them, they will want to know what he is going to do about it. If he intends to go to the root of their discontent, he will have to expand his statement and let it be seen that he means still to use every weapon in his power to redress tariff wrongs.

This will be sneered at as "piece-meal" revision. But that is the only way now left to prevent piece-meal stealing. And an attack upon one iniquitous schedule at a time, would make the pretence that the whole business of the country was again to be thrown into confusion, appear ridiculous. The tariff thieves would, of course, cry out for fear that their plunder might be taken from them, but nobody else would be disturbed. Only by thus pressing on with the work to which he has set his hand, can the President justify himself for accepting a bill which confessedly comes so far short of his promises and his hopes.

THE ALDRICH INCUBUS.

It is announced that Senator Aldrich now thinks it doubtful if the bills for currency reform will be ready for introduction when Congress meets in December. Yet his interest in this subject remains intense. He is to make public addresses on the important topic, during the month of October, in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities; and is to press the matter upon Congress, either in the regular session, or at a special session which, it is rumored, may be called in the autumn of next year. In any event, the great measure is to be under the peculiar charge of Senator Aldrich. His friends have known for some time that it was his ambition to round out his political career by affixing his name to a comprehensive financial bill that should cure our currency and monetary ills for all time, and cause the Rhode Island Senator to be looked upon by coming generations with something of the admiration and awe that Englishmen cherish for Sir Robert Peel.

With such an ambition, we cannot avoid having a certain sympathy, but truth compels the statement that Senator Aldrich can never realize it. After what has happened in the sight of all men during the past four months, it would be madness for currency reformers to pin their hopes to this man. Any bill identified with his name would be politically damned from the moment of its introduction. We do not like to say this, but we believe it to be the fact. Senator Aldrich's ability and skill we freely admit. His desire to put our financial system upon a sound footing may be perfectly unselfish and states-

manlike. Yet he ought to be told plainly, as ought those who are working with him and hoping for great currency reforms under his leadership, that his reputation, and the things he now stands for in the public mind, are such that any financial measure he advocates will be from the first violently suspected, will be powerfully attacked, and will be defeated. Senator Aldrich has made himself an incubus which will crush into failure even honest and needed legislation. The first reform which currency reformers should strive for is to take their cause wholly out of the hands of Nelson W. Aldrich.

If this seems a hard saying, let any one who dissents from it calmly weigh the facts. Let him consider what sort of influences in politics those are with which Aldrich has now inextricably tied himself up. His name is, to-day, throughout the land, the synonym for grasping and corrupt legislation. His course on the tariff has made what was before strong suspicion turn into positive conviction. The whole country has seen him standing athwart reasonable tariff revision, antagonizing and eviscerating the best features of the House bill, rallying to his support the worst men in public life and repelling the best, driving one-sixth of his party in the Senate into open revolt, and, throughout, making himself the attorney for selfish and unscrupulous interests. The men are known who have "seen Aldrich," and got him to arrange the law so as to put money in their pockets, and then gone away and boasted of it. We do not charge him with corruption, but he has been the willing servant of unscrupulous and corrupt men and corporations. This fact is known of all men; and there can be no mistaking the effect if Aldrich were to come forward next December as the sponsor and framer of bills for currency reform. The instant outcry would be: "What private interest is he serving now? What money-making scheme for whom lies behind this bill of his?" Under any auspices, a measure for the reform of our currency laws would have a hard time of it getting through Congress next winter; with Aldrich to father it, defeat would be certain in advance.

The *Nation* is fully of the mind of those bankers and business men and economists who regard the need of setting our financial house in order as

urgent. The shameful experience of 1907, when there was practically a suspension of payments throughout the United States, largely owing to our system of banking and currency, ought never to be repeated. Legislation should be had to bring this country into line with the practice of progressive nations. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon this. The importance of the matter cannot be exaggerated. But the more imperative we feel the duty to be, the firmer should be our demand that the wrong man should not be set in the forefront of the work of its discharge. We cannot afford to prejudice this great undertaking by entrusting it to the leadership of a Senator whose motives are suspected, and whose latest public activity has been in contemptuous disregard of the needs and desires of the whole country.

All this may be said to be quite too morally fastidious. Very well: put it on the ground of the most "practical" politics. It is alleged that Aldrich can "put it through," that he can wield the whole power of "the organization" to force a good finance bill to enactment. But can he? Look at the mess he has made of it. When was the Republican party in Congress ever so divided and distraught as to-day? And it is largely his doing. Dislike of his personality and anger at his methods have riven the party following and filled many Republican Senators and Representatives with the determination to oppose whatever he favors. This may be unreasonable, but it is the hard political fact with which "practical" men must reckon. Go to any intelligent and disinterested Congressman and ask him what chance there is of an Aldrich currency bill passing, and he will tell you: "None whatever. We have already all the Aldrich we can stagger under for the next Congressional elections." Whether, therefore, we take the high moral view, or the low political one, the inference is the same: Aldrich has made himself impossible.

THE JAPANESE SUGAR SCANDAL.

Japan, too, has had her Sugar Trust scandal, greater if anything, and certainly more sensational, than that which has led to the indictment of our Sugar Trust officials and lawyers. Here, too, was a large aggregation of capital bent

on aiding the "ultimate consumer" from that same philanthropy characteristic of our American Trusts. In Japan, as well as in this country, there was a close alliance between the Sugar Trust and the tariff, and the former was quite as eager for special favors at the hands of the Government as our own. But there is one marked difference: Japanese courts have been prompt and merciless. Within two months from the first arrest of men prominent in public life, the decisions of the court have been rendered, and the sentences put into effect, despite the fact that no less than seventy lawyers, a larger array even than counsel for our own Trust, pleaded for the accused. We are very much afraid that by corporation managers in this country this ruthlessness of the Japanese courts will be set down as another shortcoming of a yellow race to which we are so infinitely superior.

The swift action of the Japanese court in these sugar scandals, recently reviewed at some length in the *London Times*, is particularly interesting because of the marked political features of the Trust's prosecution. The "Great Japan Sugar Company" was formed in 1906 by several refineries in the boom-time immediately after the war with Russia, with a capital of six millions of dollars, on which it paid 84 per cent. in dividends in its first year, 32½ per cent. in the second, and 15 per cent. in the first half of its third year. By that time, however, the company was badly shaken by rumors that it, like our own Trust, had been paying dividends out of money "earned" by defrauding the customs officials. Finally, late in 1908, a bank which had loaned large sums to the Trust went under, and a creditors' committee speedily discovered that the Trust was practically bankrupt. It then owed two millions of dollars to the customs (our Trust was also just two millions in debt to our Treasury for fraudulent underweighing at the same time), and its liabilities were nearly equivalent to the total of its capital. Moreover, the directors had been speculating in the Trust's shares on the heads-we-win-tails-you-lose plan (also not unheard-of in the United States), by which, if they made profits, they pocketed them, but if they lost, the losses were charged against the company.

This was bad enough; but there were worse features. To help themselves out

of their difficulties, the directors sought to obtain legislative aid for their poor struggling concern. But with curious Oriental ineptitude, instead of buying tariff favors by contributing to campaign funds of the all-wise and ruling political party of the hour, they chose the clumsy way of directly purchasing members of the lower house of the Diet. Up to that time, they had shown their usual ability to copy Western methods successfully. Even when they bribed, these poor heathen did not know enough to cover their tracks, so that soon no less than twenty-four members and ex-members of the lower house were in jail. The Trust first used money to obtain the passage of a bill encouraging the export of sugar by granting a rebate of the consumption-tax. This went through with a rush. In the next session of the Diet, the Trust tried to get what has not yet come about here—a state monopoly of sugar to which the Trust could then comfortably sell out. After spending \$60,000 in "fixing" legislators, the Trust was compelled to abandon this plan.

Of the jailed politicians, one was president of our American Board of Missions' useful college at Kioto; the others were politicians of every party. But in the treatment of these statesmen appears the real Japanese inferiority to us. There seems to be something wrong with their statute of limitations; their lack of demurrers, appeals, postponements, of abstruse technical questions to insure the rights of the accused, is painfully uncivilized. The arrests only began in April, but by July 5, of the twenty-four accused politicians, one was acquitted and twenty-three were found guilty and condemned to terms in jail of from three to ten months, execution of the sentence being deferred in seven cases. The benighted Japanese judges failed wholly to accept the plea that, as the offenders were people of high position, they felt their disgrace and pain more keenly and should therefore have only nominal sentences. Instead, the foolish court ruled that the more exalted the offender the greater the severity with which he should be treated, and then rubbed it in by ordering the return of the bribes. What would become of us if such vicious Oriental beliefs were to become prevalent in our fair land?

We fear that, despite their obvious er-

rors of judgment and the shortcomings of their courts, these Japanese financiers will be held by many Americans to be not far behind some of our own. But to those who would use this scandal to bring up the old stories about the lack of Japanese commercial integrity, we would suggest that a recalling of our insurance scandals alone will show that we reside in the most fragile of glass houses. The fact that some Japanese politicians have been proved dishonest, and some financiers are now about to go to jail, is no more reason for doubting the nation's integrity than our own scandals were just cause for asserting the total depravity of all American business life.

CHURCHES AND WAGE-EARNERS.

In a recently published volume, the author devotes his attention to "a specific, clear-cut problem—that of the gulf between the masses of the laboring people and the churches to-day." The book is based upon conditions long grievously exaggerated on both sides. Such a declaration as "the attitude of the majority of class-conscious workingmen is, on the whole, an attitude of active hostility to anything and everything connected with the churches," will at present be resented by both churches and wage-earners.

The question itself is not new. So far back as his day, Phillips Brooks once said publicly: "I like workingmen very much, and care for their good, but I have nothing distinct or separate to say to them about religion; nor do I see how it will do any good to treat them as a separate class in this matter in which their needs and duties are just like other men's." Nevertheless, with the growth of the labor movement, the churches have felt the need of special appeals to workingmen. Four leading denominations, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Congregationalists, not to mention the varied activities of the Y. M. C. A., sustain "labor departments," in the hope of maintaining cordial relations with wage-earners. Ministers become more often members of local labor unions. Discussion of labor subjects under church auspices, noonday services in factories and mills, indicate the intent of the churches. Labor Sunday, now appointed in May at the request of the American Federation of Labor, is another noteworthy sign. Here

is the way one Western city observed it this year:

The fifty different labor unions of the city were invited to the sixteen churches which cooperated with the Labor Trades Assembly in the observances. Some unions attended in a body, making a fine showing. At some churches, men from the ranks of union labor made addresses; this feature will be more widely adopted next year. Both ministers and labor leaders are glad at the results, and are laying plans for a better observance of the day next year.

If these facts were all, the bridge would touch only one side of "the gulf." But workingmen also show a change of attitude. At a recent meeting of union machinists in Boston, when an international official uttered disparaging criticism of the churches, he was stopped by hisses. On the other side of the Atlantic, several hundred English churchmen from the Brotherhoods visited Belgium last spring: in one city their arrival "was signalled by a welcome from 14,000 workingmen, many of whom had come in from the colliery and iron-working towns of the district." Mr. D. A. Hayes, a vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, has gone on record to this effect:

We have heard it stated that trade unionists are indifferent toward the churches. It is my candid opinion that both sides have unconsciously exaggerated this phase of the question; because I can truthfully say that the great majority of trade unionists are earnest church members, and after fifteen years of active service in the movement, I know from experience and observation that membership in labor organizations has made men better Christians and better citizens.

Whatever credit is to be given to this declaration, certainly there is in it no spirit of hostility.

Socialism has often been adduced among the causes of religious indifference. Critics solemnly assert that it has become among our wage-earners a substitute for religion. But those actually in touch with our working classes know that this is a gross exaggeration. The lack of response by our labor movement to its Socialistic wooers has been continuous. Keir Hardie, M.P., leader of the Socialist-Labor party in Great Britain, returned this year from his American visit disappointed and chagrined at the hopelessness of a similar combination here. Secretary Hayes Robbins of the Civic Federation of New England declares:

Perhaps nowhere to-day is the conflict with the Socialist propaganda being waged so continuously, so actively, and at such

close range, as within the ranks of the organized industrial crafts.

What are, then, the actual relations between churches and wage-earners to-day? In the Catholic and Jewish faiths, the workingmen are a majority; and a great many Protestant churches would not be able to maintain themselves but for working-class support. Telling evidence comes from Rhode Island. Here, owing to the nature and distribution of the population, industrial problems are found in an acute stage. Hence the value of the testimony, when an able commission, after investigating religious affairs, comes to the following conclusions:

About half of those in trades unions are Roman Catholics, the rest Protestants or without religious preference. About 450 churches in the State are largely composed of the common people, tradesmen, artisans, clerks. A large number of the 104,000 "un-churched" are not artisans. Hence a large number of the working class are in our churches or under their influence.

It is also well known that among the unchurched workmen, multitudes are recent immigrants. Their indifference or hostility often traces back to ecclesiastical oppression in the homeland. This class, with many native-born working men upon whom the churches have lost their hold, admittedly constitutes a still unsolved religious problem. But such facts as we have cited show that there is no more foundation for hostility between church and labor than there is for a formal alliance.

THE SECOND POET LAUREATE.

I.

It is not always exact to say that

The evil that men do lives after them; but this seems to have been distinctly the case with Sir William D'Avenant. To-day he is chiefly known as the initiator of the corrupt Restoration stage and the debaser of Shakespeare. Yet his contemporaries thought him a great poet, and careful reading of his works goes far to justify that opinion.

D'Avenant, like Lope de Vega, was a man who wrote with one hand and lived with the other, or with both. He knew courts and camps and studied them with vast curiosity. He experienced strange vicissitudes of love and war. The Roundheads caught him and shut him up, and in daily expectation of death he wrote part of an epic. Then he escaped, and the epic was dropped for slighter matters. Our most vivid information about him concerns his funeral. Aubrey was there: "He had a coffin of walnut tree. Sir John Denham said

'twas the finest coffin that ever he saw." Pepys was there also: "Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it was the burial of a poor poet."

D'Avenant's early plays are crude and violent, with the exception of "The Platonic Lovers," which is charming comedy. But they are all full of a rich, strange, splendid poetry, too much neglected:

And as the moon ne'er changes but i' the full,
Even so the mighty nations of the earth
Change in their greatest glory. First,
their strict

And rugged discipline to vain delights,
Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
Their battles fierce to duels splenitive.

And there are subtle, pregnant similes:

For life is like the span
Forced from a gouty hand, which as it gains

Extent and active length, the more it pains.

And there is sweet, sunshiny prose, though less of it:

He seems a merry and innocent man, for
he laughs at everything, as if he had no
more cares than a capuchin.

But it is in "Gondibert," the unfinished epic, that D'Avenant's real greatness must be sought. "Gondibert," if anything, justifies the high praise of Dryden, one of the acutest critics that ever lived:

Nothing was proposed to him on which
he could not suddenly produce a thought
extremely pleasant and surprising. . . .
And as his fancy was quick, so likewise
were the products of it remote and new.
He borrowed not of any other and his
imaginations were such as could not easily
enter into any other man.

This at once suggests conceits and oddities, like those of Donne. Doubtless, D'Avenant is not altogether free from such, and Donne's mighty influence, is clearly found in the younger writer. But D'Avenant's originality shows most in his having escaped the bad taste which was fashionable about him. "Gondibert" is distinguished from such work as Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida," so much and on many accounts so justly esteemed by Mr. Saintsbury, not only by the quality of the imagination, but by a certain restraint and self-command in the use of it, a bell-like clearness of utterance, which is, I hope, noticeable in almost all the passage cited below.

II.

No one reads "Gondibert" nowadays, and the reasons are simple. In the first place, the metrical form is wholly unsuited to narrative. The ten-syllable quatrain, admirable for reflection, as with Gray, will not blend its units in a continuous surface, as does the couplet; yet it has not amplitude enough for the individual development which is possible with the Spenserian stanza. Thus D'Avenant's story limps and sways and

stumbles, like a maimed soldier on crutches he is not used to. Yet even here the poet shows his great powers. For narrative purposes his medium is hopeless. But in individual stanzas he has rhythms of wonderful grace and melody. I am not aware that Gray read "Gondibert." In any case, such stanzas as the following are most curious anticipations of the "Elegy" in their sweetness of cadence and their antithetic turn:

Why should we now their shady curtains
draw,

Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from nature's
law,

Where love no more can mourn nor val-
or bleed?

And the breadth of D'Avenant's subject gave him opportunity for harmony far more varied than Gray's. Take, as mere music, this stanza from the last book of the poem:

His valor shall the Gothic conquest keep,
And would to Heaven all your mighty
minds

As soon were pleased, as infants are with
sleep,

And you had music common as the winds.

But it is not only metrical drawbacks that make "Gondibert" unreadable. One cannot be absorbed in the story itself. The characters are human and sketched with vigor, but there are too many of them. One group melts into another, before you can disentangle any. Also, the first book is the dullest, and this is disastrous. As the poet goes on, he seems to find himself. The narrative moves more quickly. The figures have more animation. And just when the work is interrupted, it begins to promise some interest. Very few, however, I imagine, have had courage to persist so far.

The reader who does persist will find himself repaid. The poem is loaded with acute and careful thought. D'Avenant had seen all phases of life, and profited. Like his first patron, Lord Brooke, he was a most curious observer of political problems, and recurs to them often:

Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
Which from the people does to rulers
grow.

Power (fortune's sail) should not for
threatenings strike:

In boats bestormed all check at those
that row.

Advice as good for the twentieth century as for the seventeenth. Some of D'Avenant's political maxims seem rather Machiavellian; but this gives all the more significance to the moral energy of others. So with religion. "On the most important subjects," says the pious Southey, "D'Avenant's feelings were unhappily in sympathy with those of his friend Hobbes." That is to say, he was no shallow optimist nor conventional believer. Life was perplexing. If

higher powers ordered it, they ordered it oddly:

But sure the heavenly movers little care
Whether our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw.

Yet the author of "Gondibert" was neither skeptic nor cynic, and if in the following noble lines he touches the weak point of prayer, he brings out by contrast the lofty and divine office of praise:

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds,
The differing world's agreeing sacrifice,
Where heaven divided faiths united finds;
But prayer in various discord upward flies.

For prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a several coast;
Where all our interests so discordant lie,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

III.

But admirable as is the intellectual element in "Gondibert," the imaginative beauty is more admirable still. Those thoughts "pleasant and surprising," those imaginations "remote and new," of which Dryden speaks, meet us at every turn, strange and subtle, but sometimes grand and always rich and splendid. In the passages quoted above I have looked rather to the thought than to the adornment, but in the blending of imagination and reflection D'Avenant is at his best:

And to be rich, be diligent! Move on,
Like heaven's great movers that enrich the earth,
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone,
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.
Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, Nature's stock, and could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seeds of stars, stoop for the sand
And by incessant labor gather all.

In the depiction of passion also this singular imaginative touch gives most striking and fascinating effects. Direct, intense dramatic action D'Avenant's love scenes perhaps have not. But there has rarely been a more delicate and sensitive analysis of love's agony and triumph, or a more radiant expression of them. Bertha grows conscious of her passion for Gondibert:

She thinks of Eden life and no rough wind
In their Pacific sea shall wrinkles make,
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

Orna cures her lover Hurgonil of his wounds:

She let no medicinal flower in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
No fane be shut, no priest from altars go,
Nor in heaven's choir no saint remain unsought.

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem
Than sleep can the world's eye, the sun, conceal;
Nor breathed she but in vows to heaven or him,
Till heaven and she his different wounds did heal.

So with nature. D'Avenant is no landscape painter. Humanity is always first with him; but a poetical gift like his could not fail to enrich human passion with the suggestions of natural beauty, or to transfigure the external world by the emotions of the soul. Now it is a sombre touch:

Where desert rivers, cold and private, run.
Now it is an outburst of joyous freshness and sunlight:

All showed as fresh and fair and innocent
As virgins to their lovers' first survey;
Joyed as the spring, when March his sighs has spent,
And April's sweet, rash tears are dried by May.

And I hardly know where we shall find a subtler and tenderer blending of high-wrought pathos and nature's loveliness than in the following stanza:

When o'er him then, whilst parting life she rued,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before),
Than blossoms fall on parting spring she strewed,
Than blossoms sweeter and, in number more.

IV.

As a general thing, these snatches of beauty in "Gondibert" are scattered, broken, and fragmentary. One passage, however, the beginning of the third canto of the third book, is a long-sustained climax of really remarkable dignity and grandeur. Unfortunately, it is too long to quote in full. But the poet calls upon all young lovers to cherish his memory:

Thou who perhaps proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple, where I withered lie;
Proudly, as if she age's frosts defied,
And that thy springing self could never die;

Then when the priest has ended, if thine eyes
Can but a little space her eyes forbear,
To shew her where my marble coffin lies,
Her virgin garlands she will offer there.

And she will boast how spite of cynic age,
Of business, which does power uncivil make,
Of ruder cells where they love's fire assuage
By studying death and fear for virtue take.

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells), my laws
Did teach her how by nature to persuade

And hold by virtue whom her beauty draws.
Thus when, by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
Love owes his eyes who has too long been blind,
Then in the temple leave my body's tomb
And seek this book, the monument of my mind.

Alas, young lovers do not greatly care for old poets. "A lady asked me the other day," says Anatole France, "of what use were poets. I told her they helped us to love, but she assured me that one could love very well without them." And D'Avenant himself recognizes that unfortunates who are

Vexed by living beauties of their own
Have shunned the wise records of lovers dead.

Yet here and there one of those who have been lovers long ago may be glad to be guided to a book in which love and life and death and almost all things human are clarified and glorified by the divine magic of beauty.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Correspondence.

A LOVER OF GEOFFROY TORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* dated July 15 contained a notice of the first Royal Printer and Bernard's account of his life and works translated by Mr. George D. Ives. The delight of calling up into still further existence "Maistre Geoffroy Tory de Bourges" urges me to address you a few words in honor of the master to whom I owe so much, who gave me the Art and Science of the True Proportions of Attic or Antique letters, besides of course certain rules for speaking more elegantly the French language. I know by his very opening pages that Tory meant the instruction for me. In his preface he reproaches those who will not give what they know, and takes for example the noble workman of the windows—*vitres*—of the Sainte Chapelle of Bourges which the Duc de Berri called Jehan had made. That workman was so ungrateful and such a glutton of his knowledge that never was he willing to teach any man—not even his son, so he said. The windows which he made are of such an art that the sun, however shining it may be, cannot with its rays at all penetrate them, which is a thing very beautiful, and without other example. If he had willingly taught that art, thousands of other men might have made since many beautiful and good operations which have not been made and never will be made.

Those windows I fell in love with and I tried in my way to make windows in accordance with the definition that Master Tory had written out. I am sometimes almost reproached with having carried out these ancient principles which Tory regretted to see drifting to nothing. He praises Albert Dürer, the noble German painter; says he is worthy of being made an immortal memory, and we all agree. Then

he goes on to explain the nature of letters and how useful they must be in picture and in window, in tapestry and on walls. Their size, their proportion, their space, are all considered, so that he has named his book "The Flowery Field"—"Champ Fleuri"—for the grace and facility of the name.

Of course, our dear master speaks lightly of his own handling of his book, or rather its beginning. He tells us how in the morning of the Epiphany, having taken sleep and rest and a little light and joyous food, whose concoction had been easy, at the time that men count MDXXIII, being in bed, he took to fantasizing, as he calls it. Thereupon some words of a quotation came to him to the effect that he ought to use his special knowledge for the public good; and he remembered, too, other delightful themes Leo Baptista Alberti had written and demonstrated, and those of the late Leonardo da Vinci, who had died at Amboise, and was the most excellent philosopher and admirable painter, and, as it were, another Archimedes. As to Luca Paccioli, in his "Divine Proportion" of letters, he borrowed what was good of the same Leonardo. Albert Dürer made mistakes, and I shall never forget the teaching of our master Tory with regard to the letter N, that the heel should be cut off according to the architect Bramante, as he has shown in the gallery of Pope Julius II, between the palace of St. Peter of Rome and Belvedere. I have always followed him, feeling that nothing could be better both for my art and for all the form of poetry with which our master has invested a question apparently so ordinary. But does not the very republication of the book which you review show how valuable still is the meaning of our teacher?

I do not remember and I have not the courage to look up what the master says of a man who, like him, was a poet in the forms of letters, the scholar who gave us the "Hyperotomachia" of Polyphilus, and who could hide, as we know, in the first capital letter of each chapter the secret of his love for Polia. I have so wished to be allowed to write some ordinary essay on this bit of love and literature, which had its place in teaching to the world the lesson of form, and is still one of the world's curiosities. I regret to say that I had to sell my copy a few months ago, so that I cannot quote as I should like. But I have used my master Polyphilus on many occasions of good taste and with a secret defiance of the critics who do not know him. My first attempt at a window was taken squarely out of Polyphilus by the use of the photograph; and yet learned critics looked at it and thought that the Renaissance features, dated as we know 1499, were not quite correct. So that I owe to this passionate lover, as well as to the said Geoffroy, a continuous guidance, sometimes almost hourly, a good deal over the third of a century. Hence my wish to draw still further attention through these few words to these old friends of mine, whose quality in every way is as high as it can possibly be, but whose rarity, whose strangeness, whose very poetic envelope have prevented our more prosaic age from a sufficient practice of them.

JOHN LA FARGE.

New York, July 29.

A CURE FOR "BOOSTING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any person familiar with the methods of teaching prevalent in the ordinary American public school will agree with the conclusions of your correspondent from Colorado writing to the *Nation* of July 15. Young people are too often taught that everything American is perfect, and that any criticism on things American must be unpatriotic and spiteful. The pure genuine patriot is he who hurrahs loudest and oft-est; anything connected with the flag, however remotely, is sacrosanct and beyond criticism, etc., etc.

That sort of mental attitude towards public affairs on the part of the youth of the land is indeed silly—but it is worse than that: it is dangerous because it precludes improvement which might result from candid introspection and comparison with other nations. It opens up a rich, unlimited field for the demagogue.

The suggestion of your Colorado correspondent is that criticism of American affairs by intelligent foreigners should be introduced into the public schools. But it is doubtful whether with such a community the desired result would be reached. Persons in the state of mind depicted would hardly accept with good grace and sincerity any criticism from foreign observers when similar criticisms from known Americans, though in modified form, notoriously excite instant hostility, and carry the imputation of lack of true patriotism. A better method in my opinion would be to lay the proper facts before the child and let him draw his own inevitable conclusions. For instance, instead of asserting categorically that there were less accidents on English railways than on American, official figures might be laid before the pupils with the suggestion that they tabulate the results and draw their own conclusions. In most American schools geography is "finished" in the seventh grade, that is, when the average child reaches the age of thirteen. The only history taught is American history, and that is principally panegyric. In all our wars we were unanimous and absolutely just; our opponents were without a shred of justice on their side; the French government that assisted us during the Revolution was animated with a love of democratic institutions; the Mexican war was a righteous performance; and any man that questions the wisdom of taking over the Philippines is at heart a traitor, etc. But the expansion of the British Empire, the unification of Italy, the recent commercial prominence of Germany—even the French Revolution—are matters of trivial importance. So, too, are the marvellous development of western Canada (with its influx of American immigrants), the tremendous leaps and bounds of Mexico (with its millions of invested American capital), the startling actualities and possibilities of the Argentine and Chili. Every government denominated a kingdom must be a grinding tyranny, and every government labelled a republic must be a paradise of individual rights and freedom: witness, England and Venezuela.

What the American youth of to-day (and incidentally his teacher) needs is a larger mental horizon and a more judicial temperament. He should be taught to look outside of the United States and behind the

present era. He should then be taught to look back to our country fairly and impartially and compare what he has seen with what he sees now and here. His patriotism, while quite as strong, will be much more intelligent; the effect on public affairs will be wholesome when he comes to his majority.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, July 20.

UNCUT LEAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to join the number of those who are thanking you for now sending out the *Nation* with smooth-edged cut leaves. As I have read every word and line of the paper from its initial issue in July, 1865, to the present date, and as it takes at least one minute to cut a copy of it neatly, to open pages, I find that I have consumed fifty-two minutes a year in opening it for perusal.

Multiplying this by the forty-four years of its existence, my total loss of time in the process is equivalent to over a day and a half, if I have made no essential mistake in figuring it. But, I will leave to you the further problem of multiplying this result as it affects me, by the average number of your subscribers for the period referred to—which may make 10,000 times a day and a half.

It may have been thought once that, for a choice, limited-edition book, uncutness is a charm to be obtained and preserved against the vandalism of an unappreciative binder. But it has been really always unnecessary, and it is always a nuisance. If it is desirable to be sure and save the perpendicular and horizontal margins of a page; or, rather, to know certainly that the page is intact, let the printer note, somewhere near the claim for copyright, figures something like these: "1 by ¾ inch." The prospective buyer will then know how to avoid being bereaved and the binder will give up his unprofitable sinfulness.

JOEL BENTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., August 5.

A PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following amusing prophecy is taken from the argument of Mr. Emmett in the celebrated case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, argued before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1824. In endeavoring to maintain that Congress did not have the exclusive power of regulating commerce, he uses this language:

The thirteen original States were a band of brothers, who suffered, fought, bled, and triumphed together; they might, perhaps, have safely confided each his separate interest to the general will; but if ever the day should come, when representatives from beyond the Rocky Mountains shall sit in this capitol; if ever a numerous and inland delegation shall wield the exclusive power of making regulations for our foreign commerce without community of interest or knowledge of our local circumstances, the Union will not stand; it cannot stand; it cannot be the ordinance of God or nature that it should stand.

The day which he dreaded came long ago, and the Union still stands.

GEO. A. TORREY.

Boston, July 27.

GEORGE BORROW'S WORK IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of George Borrow may be interested to know that the work Borrow was ostensibly doing in Spain, is still carried on along analogous lines. I was recently sitting in a third-class compartment in the train from Pontevedra to Santiago, when a genial-faced man with grizzled beard and a pack on his back, got in at a way station. He at once began to offer a book for sale, for one peseta. Soon he was subjected to a fire of comment, which he answered with ready wit. The book was examined with interest by several, who asked what it was. It was the New Testament in Spanish. Finally, one young man and myself bought a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew for one "perro gordo"—a "big dog," i. e., two cents. To a lover of "Don Jorge" the scene was a striking one.

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Barcelona, July 24.

Notes.

Lord Morley is publishing a collection of George Meredith's letters, and asks the privilege of copying any which may be sent to him.

Out of folly wisdom. The "Journal of John Woolman" certainly has no place in such a collection of books as was intended by Dr. Eliot for educating mankind. It is, however, a work of real charm, and we are glad to hear that Houghton Mifflin Company, impelled by the newly aroused curiosity about the book, is reissuing it, with Whittier's introduction.

At an early date the Fordham University Press of this city will bring out a book entitled "Makers of Electricity," which will contain biographies of eminent electricians.

Some time this month B. W. Huebsch will publish "India, Impressions and Suggestions," by J. Keir Hardie.

Early in September John Lane Company will have ready "Seekers in Sicily," by Elizabeth Bisland and Anne Hoyt, which recounts the experiences of two American ladies on the island.

The Century Company has made an interesting volume of tales for boy readers by selecting, and, to some extent, abridging, "Stories of the Great West," from President Roosevelt's volumes of Western experience and history.

Frank A. Bates has prepared a practical little book on "Camping and Camp Cooking" (The Ball Publishing Company), which in small space gives information in regard to camp outfits, the pitching of tents and lean-tos, with a chapter of general advice and a number of receipts for the layman abroad in the world.

Alaska and its resources is the principal subject of the *National Geographic Magazine* for July, and the facts as presented by the different writers will come as a revelation to most readers. Major-Gen. Greely treats briefly but most lucidly of its economic evolution, the total value of its products since the acquisition in 1867 being \$327,651,196, and yet not a tenth of the territory is prospected. There are eleven in-

corporated cities, modern in their equipment and permanent in their construction, with \$20,000,000 of property values. According to Special Agent C. C. Georgeson, there are more than 100,000 square miles which can be utilized for pasture and culture, as hardy vegetables, grains, and forage crops, and capable of supporting at the most conservative estimate a population of three millions. The principal mountain peaks are described by Mr. R. H. Sargent of the Geological Survey, the adventurous work of marking the boundary by Mr. T. Riggs, jr., chief of one of the survey parties, and the wonderful big game by Mr. W. H. Osgood of the Biological Survey. Other articles are upon the great industrial development of the States of Oregon and Washington by Mr. N. H. Darton of the Geological Survey, some giant fishes of the sea by Deputy Commissioner H. M. Smith, and the tallest tree that grows, the eucalyptus, which is known to have reached the height of 480 feet. The numerous illustrations are as usual in this magazine most interesting and striking in their excellence and suggestiveness.

The July number of the *American Journal of International Law* opens properly with the introductory official address of Senator Root as president of the American Society of International Law, at the annual meeting held last April in Washington. In a recent issue, former Associate Supreme Court Justice Brown had a paper on the same theme—in substance, the practicability of leaving to the adjudication of an international tribunal international questions on which the highest courts of the states interested as parties have rendered judgments. Doubts had been expressed, whether it was consistent with national sovereignty for a Power to submit such questions to any extraneous tribunal. Justice Brown thought it might be done without derogating from the sovereignty or dignity of the nations participating in the submission; and Mr. Root reaches the same conclusion. Assuming that each party to an international controversy seeks the doing of justice, and that national courts, however determined to do justice, may unconsciously favor their own nationalities, and that their decisions may not be accepted by the opposing parties who may seek an ulterior adjudication, he sees no greater inconsistency in a nation's submitting such a question to an international tribunal for adjustment than there was in sovereign States of the American Union assenting to a constitution under which questions between themselves or their citizens should be submitted to a national supreme court for final decision. An enlightening paper follows, on how China administers her foreign affairs. Barry Gilbert presents a paper of practical importance, especially for our ministers and consuls abroad, on the practice of granting asylum in our legations and consulates; a subject that has given our State Department anxious thought on more than one occasion. The Barrundia episode and the strenuousness of Minister Egan will occur to many. In a single final page, Mr. Gilbert summarizes the attitude of our government in a very comprehensive way. In fact, the whole article ought to be in the files of American representatives abroad, with the instructions which every one is supposed to have always con-

venient. One deduction is especially significant: the right of asylum can never be properly invoked to harbor criminals and offenders against the laws, when they are demanded by proper authorities in regular legal proceedings. C. H. Stockton's paper on the London International Naval Conference discusses, among other topics, the question of contraband, appending a list of articles positively contraband, and one of such as are conditionally contraband. A still more elaborate paper, the second part of which now appears, discusses the most-favored-nation clause of treaties. The final part, yet to appear, is to consider the most-favored-nation relations of the United States and Germany—a thoroughly practical question.

Another volume, in the tasteful green and gilt series, issued by the Oxford University Press, contains "De Quincey's Literary Criticism," edited with an introduction by H. Darbishire. The editor's remarks on De Quincey as a critic are clear and discriminating, and call attention to the main threads running through the work of one, who, as Mr. Darbishire says, is preëminently "to be regarded as critic and creator of romantic art." The faults of De Quincey's method are only too visible. They may, perhaps, be summed up in the spirit of recklessness and boastfulness. Too often he makes dogmatic statements, which on another page he just as dogmatically controverts. It gives one an odd sensation, for instance, to read, in his otherwise admirable comments on the supposed "correctness" of Pope, that the misuse of the word "attend" in the line "For him thou oft hast bid the world attend" would alone prove Pope's incorrectness, and then, on another page, to find De Quincey himself employing the word in this very sense. His boastfulness shows itself in constant promises of deep inquisition into the philosophy of some subject which has baffled all other critics, when, as a matter of fact, his own argument trails off into the merely commonplace. Both his boastfulness and his recklessness lead him into a kind of magnificent paradox, as when (in one essay; elsewhere he takes the contrary stand) he bases his praise of Pope on that poet's passion in "Eloisa to Abelard," and denies him force in personal satire. Were it not for this note of paradox, the essay, by setting forth the genuinely poetical aspect of Pope's work, would be a desirable corrective to much of the detraction aimed at him since the days of Wordsworth. But paradox does not always rule in De Quincey's writing. His brief note "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth" leads, as Mr. Darbishire points out, to the very heart of critical procedure. And, to descend to smaller things, almost anything could be forgiven a critic who has so keenly anticipated one of the excesses of modern scholarship as De Quincey has done in these few lines:

It is a natural resource, that whatsoever we find it difficult to investigate as a result, we endeavour to follow as a growth; falling analytically to probe its nature, historically we seek relief to our perplexities by tracing its origin. Not able to assign the elements of its theory, we endeavour to detect them in the stages of its development.

"Col. John Quincy of Mount Wollaston, 1689-1767," contains the addresses made at a celebration in Quincy, in February, 1908, in honor of the man from whom the town was named. The career of the provincial colonel can be given only in shadowy out-

line, for his papers were lost or destroyed. Yet he played an important part in his time, serving long in the Legislature as Speaker, and later in the Governor's Council, and suffered for his political opinions. For it so happened that Colman's Land Bank was formed when Quincy was at the height of his popularity. His constituents were carried away by the liberal promises of prosperity it held out to them, and turned from Quincy, whose common sense warned him against the plausible scheme of making the community rich by issuing paper money. He was set aside, and when the bank party threatened to use force to overbear the determined hostility and arbitrary measures of Governor Belcher, Quincy was placed in charge of the government forces. He lived long enough to be again restored to popular favor, and served his country well for many years after the bank plan had resulted in confusion. The Rev. Daniel M. Wilson has made an interesting sketch of this incident, and in collaboration with Charles Francis Adams describes Quincy as it came into existence as a settlement. Of high interest, too, are Mr. Adams's remarks on the historical vagueness of the provincial period in Massachusetts when compared to the colonial and Revolutionary periods, and the little reputation made by the leading actors. The volume is illustrated, and is published by the Quincy (Mass.) Historical Society.

Canon and Mrs. S. A. Barnett have collected into a volume entitled "Towards Social Reform" (Macmillan) papers originally published in various magazines. The authors know from personal experience what they are talking about, for they have lived and worked among the London poor for thirty-five years. Their point of view is steadily that of practical improvement, and they display remarkable freedom both from doctrinaire prepossessions and humanitarian illusions. Along with sympathetic appreciation of the need for charitable endeavor they vigorously oppose the charity that degrades. It is pointed out that no social discipline can be effective so long as "casual jobs, night shelters, and free breakfasts make it possible for people to have the opportunity to enjoy the license and idleness of a loafing life." Although for American readers, the work suffers from its localized outlook, yet its consideration of social problems is so sensible and judicious that it may be consulted to advantage by all interested in social service.

"Essays and Addresses," by Edwin Burritt Smith (McClurg & Co.), is a dignified memorial of a life dedicated to public service. It contains various papers upon a variety of subjects, preceded by an introductory appreciation of the dead publicist by his friend, Mr. George Laban Paddock. The contents are sub-divided into five general groups: Chicago and Illinois, devoted to State and civic issues; Municipal Government, dealing with municipal questions generally; The Nation, and Anti-Imperialism, both concerned mainly with our new political departure in the field of colonial empire; and Miscellaneous Papers, in which the economic problem of the Trusts is, perhaps, the most important. Mr. Smith's all too brief career finds in this exposition of his thought both a pathetic and an inspiring monument. He was a

patriot of the intellectual type, not content with following the prevailing sentiment *civium prava jumentum*. He believed in the old-fashioned democracy of the Declaration of Independence. He never reconciled himself to "necessity, the tyrants' plea," when it traversed the ideal equality of human rights. He refused to confine democracy to geographical limits, or to particular stages of civilization. He forswore party allegiance when he deemed that independence of party pointed the way to the public good. Originally a Republican, he supported Mr. Cleveland's candidacy in 1884 and again in 1892. In 1896 he was chairman of the Illinois Sound Money League, and a member of the national convention which nominated Palmer and Buckner. His later public activities were largely devoted to the anti-Imperialist movement. He was perhaps dominated at the outset somewhat too completely by his *a priori* convictions upon matters of public law, and too optimistic in his attempted blending of the Austinian theory of sovereignty with an idealistic adherence to the doctrine of natural rights. But where he came into most direct contact with the realities of political life, his views were wholly admirable. Thus in the essay on "Representative Government," he says sagely: "The remedy for existing ills is not further checks and balances. We already spend too much energy in merely operating the machinery of government. Its agencies must be simplified and made more directly responsive to public opinion." Pathetic also is the paper on "American Ideals," revised in part in his last days, where he says, doubtless with a backward glance upon his own exacting labors:

No one, we had supposed, cared any longer to deny that every daughter of the Confederacy was fair and every son brave, but it has been reserved for T. C. DeLeon to offer, in his "Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the '60's" (G. W. Dillingham Company), incontestable proof of the fact. Here will be found set down, in no order whatever, the name of apparently every belle who ever won the least recognition as such in the later ante-bellum South, together with an account of her pedigree, her suitors and dance partners, her husband or husbands, and her children and relatives living or dead. As a succession of flashlight views of the social life of Richmond during the war, the book is not without value, and its reproductions of contemporary pictures are interesting; but a work which is neither history, nor biography, nor genealogy, nor reminiscence, but an indiscriminating mixture of all four, is hard to classify. We cannot but wonder that the publishers should have allowed a volume of 464 pages, containing an average of 20 proper names to a page, to go out without an index.

The national committee, appointed three years ago for the purpose of gathering and arranging material for the history of the Risorgimento, has in preparation an extensive bibliography of related matter, including manuscripts, newspapers, and other publications, based upon the alphabetical catalogue compiled by the Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele (which comprises, however, only works issued previous to 1885) and upon the partial lists of Florini and of Mazzatinti. There will be supplementary

lists arranged for regions, events, and individuals.

Some documents of interest are brought together by Prof. Hermann Gollancz in his "Translations from Hebrew and Aramaic" (London: Luzac & Co.). In the five or six centuries following the completion of the Talmud Jewish scholars did much serious work, grammatical, legal, and literary; but there was a popular demand for lighter matter, and it is matter of this sort that is offered in the present volume. The Targum or Aramaic paraphrase of the Biblical "Song of Songs" is a frankly allegorical interpretation of the book, having no relation to its real meaning, and throughout tame and tiresome—the changes are rung on the way in which Jehovah, the bridegroom, watches over and blesses Israel, the bride; its value lies in the picture it gives of passionate and confident patriotism. "The Book of the Apple" is a dialogue in which the eminent sage Aristotle on his deathbed (sustained by the scent of an apple) discourses to the assembled wise men on immortality and the excellence of philosophy—a feeble imitation of the Phædo, the only point of interest in its argument being the reply to the assertion that suicide would be an easy and proper way of gaining the joys of immortality. The "Story of the Ten Jewish Martyrs," a legendary imitation of the episode in Second Maccabees, contains one curious bit of mythology—the account of the birth of the high priest Ishmael, famous for his beauty of person; the Almighty, taking pity on his pious mother, who was barren, sent Gabriel to take the form of her husband and become the father of Ishmael. Belief in supernatural parentage is not uncommon among the Semitic peasants of Syria, but it is surprising to meet it in a Jewish midrash otherwise of a serious nature; the existence of such beliefs in certain parts of the Jewish world, however, is hardly to be questioned. In an appendix the author gives a mediæval Hebrew elegy on the "Ten Martyrs," paraphrased by Prof. Israël Gollancz. The last piece in the volume is "A Dialogue on Games of Chance," by Leo de Modena, an Italian Jewish scholar who lived 1571-1648. Arguments for and against gambling are given, those of the former sort being the more elaborate and forcible, though the conclusion condemns the practice. Leo was an unstable character, and himself fell a victim to the passion whose charms he so well describes. In rendering the first Hebrew piece, the "Book of the Apple," Professor Gollancz has collated various printed versions and several manuscripts; the second translation, the "Martyrs," is from a manuscript in his possession. The Hebrew text of the third piece has been printed several times, and has been rendered into English by Chilmead (1650) and Ockley (1707).

Five instructive lectures constitute the contents of the latest work of Wilhelm Windelband, entitled "Die Philosophie im deutschen Geistesleben des XIX Jahrhunderts" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). Among the subjects discussed are the æstheticophilosophical Pædagogics of to-day; Romanticism and Hegelianism; Irrationalism, Materialism and Pessimism; Positivism, Historicism, and Psychologism; the modern Value-problem (*Wertproblem*), and the Return to Idealism.

Gustav Wustmann's "Aus Leipzig's Vergangenheit" (Leipzig: Fr. Wil. Grunow), the third volume in a series commenced in 1855, comes out aptly for the celebration of the university. It deals with the history of art, theatre, music, and literature in Leipzig, and offers interesting reminiscences of the Schumanns, Gellert, Bach, Geissler, and others, together with reproductions of rare portraits.

"Das moderne Belgien" is the title of a large octavo volume by G. Siösteen, presenting not only the works of architecture and art and the odd customs of the people found in the usual book on Belgium, but discussing, from the standpoint of a native, the industrial, economic, and political conditions in that country. Nearly 150 text-illustrations, and 19 full-page engravings from late photographs and realistic sketches from life assist in affording a glimpse of the land and people as they are (Berlin: Hermann Paetel).

The death is announced of Eugène Roland, founder of the *Mélusine*, a journal devoted to folklore, and frequent contributor to *La Revue critique d'histoire* and to *Romania*. He was born at Metz in 1846.

From Bad Nauheim comes the news of the death of Gustav Karpeles, the Heine authority, at the age of sixty. Besides his critical edition of Heine's works he wrote "Heine und das Judentum," "Frauen in der jüdischen Literatur," "Geschichte der jüdischen Literatur," "Heine und seine Zeitgenossen," etc.

THE SERIOUS PEPYS.

Samuel Pepys: Administrator, Observer, Gossip. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.

It is now some ninety years since the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, head of Magdalene College, Cambridge, put into Lord Grenville's hands six volumes of cipher manuscript from the library bequeathed the college a century before by one of her sons, Samuel Pepys, sometime Secretary of the Admiralty to Charles II and James II. There was little enough in the appearance of the material, or in the career of its author and donor, which gave promise of anything remarkable in the manuscript. Pepys was a man eminent, indeed, in his day and profession as a naval administrator, and with some reputation as a virtuoso. Beside his position in the admiralty, he had held other posts of honor and profit. He had been member and treasurer of the Tangier Commission, surveyor-general of the Victualling Office, member of Parliament and president of the Royal Society. He had been a patron of art, literature, music, and the drama, and had collected the books and manuscripts which he left to his college. He had projected a history of the navy, which had never been completed, and had interested himself in various philanthropic projects. In short, he had lived a full and useful life, notable for its public services and its honorable worldly success. These had won for him a place

in biographical dictionaries, and even a line and a half in Hume, who noted that "The administration of the admiralty under Pepys is still regarded as a model of order and economy."

For the son of a tailor, who had risen chiefly by his own efforts, this may be reckoned no small achievement; yet it gave little promise of literary distinction. Whatever writing the secretary was known to have done was enshrined in the dusty and neglected files of the navy office and in the correspondence he had presented to his college. The man whom Monck had called the right-hand of the navy was fairly on the way to being forgotten, when, six years after it was unearthed, the "Diary of Samuel Pepys" appeared, edited by the Rev. John Smith. With that was effected a revolution in posthumous fame, unparalleled in literary history; there emerged from the obscurity of more than a century, not, as might have been expected, merely an able man of affairs, but a personality. At one bound, Pepys sprang to the world-wide publicity of a prince of diarists. Since then, the industry and ingenuity of Bright and Braybrooke and Wheatley have given us all in any way fit for publication of the document which Smith issued only in part.

To his diary, Pepys had confided his every thought and motive and action, high and low, good and bad, trivial and important. The result is not merely unique in literature, but almost, if not quite, in life itself. It might be supposed, therefore, that his frankness would not only endear him to his readers, but would give him a place in their esteem, comparable to that he occupied in the minds of his contemporaries. In some measure, this is true. It would be hard to bring together a longer list of appreciations of any man than the one we have of Pepys. Yet the spectacle of a man honest enough to set down his inmost thoughts, even in the decent garb of a cipher, is so contrary to those instincts which lead us to conceal our weaknesses, not only from our fellows, but from ourselves, that it has in no small measure, even to those who love him, endangered Pepys's real strength and position. The same qualities which make his diary immortal have decreased the rightful respect for its author.

For we are apt to forget that to his own generation there was no such man as the Pepys of the diary. Amid its silks and laces, its domestic secrets, its days of good cheer and nights at the play, we are apt to lose sight of the serious side of the man who wrote it. Even today the reader of the diary is not apt to delve into the calendars of state papers or of Pepys's own papers. To previous generations this was quite impossible. The result is that most persons, even among those who have written of him, have had no idea of what Pepys was

like. Coleridge, who had little or no knowledge of his serious work, spoke of him as a "pollard" man, without a top, but the sturdier in the lower branches for that. Lowell and Stevenson, to note but a few great ones among many, wrote in the same strain. Yet without the knowledge of Pepys's official life and acts it is impossible to estimate the man fairly. The quality of which critics and essayists have felt the lack, a higher motive, a less materialistic philosophy, may, indeed, to the careful observer, knowing his official record, appear in his diary. Yet in the main it is not to be found there, but in the place one might least expect to find it: in those dry calendars, where is revealed his devotion to his work, and, through that, to his country.

When, nearly forty years ago, an enlightened government began to issue calendars of the state papers for the Restoration period, it early became apparent that the famous diarist had played a more important part in public affairs than had been imagined. With the greater attention since paid to naval history, his fame has grown, and, of late, with the appearance of the three-volume catalogue of his papers in Magdalene College, the Navy Records Society has done much to increase the knowledge of the secretary. It is not too much to say that, had the diary never been written, we should now have very considerable information regarding him, and that he would have fairly recovered his true position in the history of his time. Hereafter our knowledge may be expected to increase, since we may hope for the appearance of his "Navalia," his memoirs, and memoranda, and may look forward to having, in something like complete form, the record of a man whose life is practically the history of the English navy for more than twenty years.

As we go through the mass of his correspondence, as we read his letters and memoranda regarding the navy, as we see the operation and results of his methods, we can see that behind the apparently petty and even childlike simplicity of the diary there stands a man, shrewd, cautious, able, conscientious, honest, and brave, wholly devoted to his service and his government. To the appreciation of this world's goods and pleasures, to the doctrines of Polonius and Franklin, he added a sense of public duty and an unrelenting industry in public service which lifts him above the lower levels of his diary and of his time. He represented a class not uncommon during the Restoration, yet not wholly typical of it: the left-over Puritans, trained in the sterner and more efficient school of Cromwell, on whom, amid the corruption and extravagance of a weak and dissolute court, the burdens of state rested. "If it comes to fighting," observed one of Pepys's

friends to him, at a critical time, "the King must rely on the old party"; and this proved throughout scarcely less true of administration. Whatever its faults, the Cromwellian régime had one virtue which came out strikingly under its successor: it bred strong men. They were not always immaculate, and the most was made of their failings by their royalist rivals. Men have written of Pepys, for instance, as if he were a Rochester or a Sedley. But the comparison reveals the gulf fixed between the two classes. One need not, indeed, hold, biographer-like, a brief for Pepys, attributing his vices to his age and his virtues to himself, to do him the justice that, in a sense, he has denied himself. In the great crisis of the Plague he stuck to his post in daily peril of his life, and, with a few kindred spirits, did his share in carrying on the business of the state when all who could—Society, as usual, first—had fled. Before a hostile House, hungry for vengeance for a mismanaged war, he defended his service, his colleagues, and himself, with ability and success. He bearded Prince Rupert before the Board for the good of the service; he even chided his patron for improprieties unworthy of his station. Throughout he was horribly afraid, but he was seldom too frightened to do his duty. Proud of his success in life, of his good clothes, his handsome house, his pretty wife, the respect of his associates, his vanity was neither uncommon nor unhealthy. Compared with the morbid psychology of certain so-called "Confessions," compared with what Disraeli, or a more recent American political personage, might have written, had either ventured on so intimate a chronicle, we may well stand amazed at his moderation. That he was a gossip is refuted by the confidences reposed in him, his reputation as a safe man of affairs, his rise to responsible position, above all, by the diary itself. Only there was his confidence fully bestowed. That it reveals him a mass of inconsistencies is but another way of saying he was human.

The present biography takes its place, therefore, as a part of the Pepysian renaissance and is at once timely and useful. In some measure, it represents the advance of our knowledge since Wheatley's volume, or even the article by Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography," filling in the lacunæ of the one and elaborating the details of the other. The author has not confined herself to the diarist, but has told us much besides about the secretary. And though the book contains no great amount of material which can be called absolutely new, it has brought together much hitherto not easily accessible, included, all found, in the usual accounts, and added something beside. It is, in short, the best account of Pepys which has yet appeared. It is well and care-

fully done, almost invariably accurate, clear, painstaking, and interesting. And though it may not be final or definite, that is a result practically impossible at this time. It is written in the spirit of Pepys's motto, which encircles his portrait by Kneller: *Mens cujusque is est quisque*. But one may fairly hope that in the light of broader knowledge we shall some day have a biography written less in the light of his life than in that of his works, which shall have as its motto: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." What we need is still more of the secretary and less of the gossip, more of the calendar's and less of the diary, more of the navy office and less of the hours outside. In no small degree, indeed, Miss Moorhouse has given us this. But to say of one of the most important periods of his life that to write it in detail would be to write a history of the navy, in a sense begs the question. It is hard to get away from the diary. If the period it covers bulks larger here than the later and greater years of his life, one may, at least, be grateful that so much of those later years is included. We should have been glad to have a much-needed bibliography of Pepys included here, some footnotes, and an adequate index. For the rest, we welcome this volume as a substantial sign of a reviving and better informed interest in a man who has many holds upon our interest.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Score. By Lucas Malet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Score" is not the title of a novel, or of either of the tales which give this volume respectable bulk. Standing, as the accompanying motto explains it, for the balance of good and ill in human character and experience, it might serve as title for any serious work of fiction. One must admit off-hand the claim to respectful consideration of anything Mrs. Harrison may do. It is impossible to regard a book like "Sir Richard Calmady" or "The Far Horizon" as belonging to the common merchantable order of current fiction. If proof were needed of the sobriety of this writer's purpose, it might be found in her failure to follow up the success of "Sir Richard Calmady" by carrying the method a little farther. In that novel, she had made no deliberate appeal to the prurient mind, but her startling frankness no doubt had something to do with the size of her audience. She reaped the dubious reward of the English writer who permits himself to forget the young person. Regretful consciousness of this may have influenced her towards greater reticence in her subsequent work. "The Far Horizon" must have disap-

pointed the less desirable element among her readers. It retained the disabilities of the former book, the diffuseness, the self-consciousness of manner, the superfluities. The *Nation* recorded its opinion that by omission and condensation "the novel might be gainfully reduced to, say, one-fourth its present bulk."

The more characteristic of the two stories, however, which are here bound together leaves nothing to be desired in point of compactness. It presents our old friend Poppy St. John in a crucial moment of her later experience. She is now a successful star, thanks, in part, to the plays which have been written for her by that elegant author and man of the world, Antony Hammond. For ten years their friendship and interdependence have been strong and real. But Poppy is in the ripeness of her womanhood, and not so absolute in her dedication to friendship as she thinks herself. This is the story of her testing and final self-conquest. If in style it is still marred here and there by a touch of petty artifice, an excess of verbal adroitness, in substance it is sound and simple. The second of the tales, "Miserere Nobis," is of a very different sort. It is virtually what Browning used to call "dramatic romance," the death-bed confession of a young parricide. From first to last, it has the air of a translation or paraphrase. Verse seems almost necessary to a narrative pitched in so intense a key. One is tempted to hazard the guess that the author may have planned or begun this story as a poem; in its prose form, it is, to say the truth, strained and ineffective.

Dragon's Blood. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This we can but feel to be a sad come-down for Mr. Rideout. Only the other day a *Nation* contributor was speaking of him as one of the younger American writers from whom much might be hoped. The remark seemed to be based upon his first book, "Beached Keels," which contained at least two remarkable tales, or studies, of life on the New England coast. They were intense, realistic, sombre, not easy to forget. Why has he done nothing more of the kind? Was it just a "pocket," or did the vein turn out to be unprofitable? His second book, "Admiral's Light," was a rather tamely idyllic story—a short story attenuated into a novel—with still the New England coast setting, but with the prevailing flavor of conventional juvenile romance. For the rest, it was somewhat self-consciously stylistic: there was an experimental air about the whole thing. Well, some of us may have thought, he is trying his hand, feeling his way; we shall get something powerful next.

And now comes "Dragon's Blood"—another experiment, and in what unexpected direction! It is nothing more or less than a blood-and-thunder romance of impossible adventure. Such small flavor of novelty as it has is due to its setting. The action takes place in a forlorn and remote outpost of Western civilization, a Chinese coast-town where the only Europeans are a half-dozen agents of commercial houses, chiefly English and German, a French doctor, and a Protestant missionary, with his wife and daughter. There is also a female villain, wife of one of the agents. The missionary has made converts, and therefore enemies. Feeling against the foreign devils is stirred up by a wicked mandarin, who has his own ends to serve. Up to the eve of the actual outbreak the narrative has vigor and apparent verisimilitude. The lady-villain is rather preposterous in her obviousness, as is the gentleman-villain, who is not unnaturally arranged to be the Frenchman. But the others are sufficiently plausible. However, the sight of blood turns the writer quite mad, and he proceeds to involve all his persons, offensive and inoffensive, in a series of childishly absurd incidents invented for their own sake. The result is what is commonly called "a rattling good story," and this, we suppose, is what Mr. Rideout intended. Let us hope that it will not be so indecently successful as to tempt him permanently from the paths of sensible fiction.

A Gentleman of Quality. By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The story of the doubles and of the confusion arising from their apparent identity is one of the oldest in the world's treasury of fiction. But it is always capable of fresh rendering, always ready to be brought to date, with the accessories proper to each successive generation. The present version is surprisingly adroit and complete, so far as plot is concerned, and this (considering the kind of story) palliates, if it does not excuse, some crudeness of manner. The dialogue is awkward and unnatural, and in consequence it is hard to believe in the flesh-and-blood reality of the speakers. But the springs of action are sound, and the incidents, however strange, have as much plausibility as the nature of the affair demands. For a wife to insist, against his protestations, that a stranger is her husband, may carry the strain upon credulity to the breaking-point, especially when the husband is English and the stranger American. On the other hand, when the Americanism of the stranger turns out to be a mere matter of chance upbringing, and he is revealed as the long-lost twin-brother of the real husband, a mitigating light is thrown back upon

the apparent absurdity of much of the preceding incident.

Michael Thwaites's Wife. By Miriam Michelson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his excellent book on the stage, has pointed out that by one of the oldest of dramatic conventions a discontented wife may leave the room, put on a new apron, and return to apply for the position of governess to her own children. Now and then, when the new governess does up her hair in a particular fashion, the deserted husband finds himself strongly reminded of his wife. Upon such probabilities the lively author of "In a Bishop's Carriage" and "The Madigans" has built up her latest story. When the bad twin-sister runs away from her husband, the saintly twin-sister, under the stress of circumstances, temporarily assumes the rôle of wife to Michael Thwaites, whose failing eyesight, it must be confessed, makes deception in his case more probable than in the case of the reader. Developed in the proper spirit, the subject of double or mistaken personality can make good melodrama. But, unfortunately, Miss Michelson seems to have taken her plot too seriously. At different times she tries to write like George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Robert Herrick, and Frank Norris, when she should have consistently tried to write like Robert W. Chambers.

The Story of the Pharaohs. By the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. With 32 full-page illustrations from photographs, 48 illustrations in the text, and two maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The Queens of Egypt. By Janet R. Buttles. With a preface by Prof. G. Maspero. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3 net.

The Exploration of Egypt and the Old Testament. By J. Garrow Duncan, B.D. With 100 illustrations from photographs. New York: Fleming H. Revell. \$1.50 net.

These three volumes are the product of non-specialists, and possess the faults of their virtues, though they vary greatly in quality. In Mr. Baikie's history we have the conscientious effort of a cultivated writer who is obliged, however, to take all his results at second hand. He has furnished an attractive volume which reads well. In his effort to present the two schools of chronology fairly, he even heads the pages in the earlier section of his book with the widely divergent dates of both systems. This is to ignore the fact that the older system is rapidly dying and doomed to disappear. In the important matter of the use of sources, he has sometimes been unfortunate in his selection, using

the "Records of the Past," which present the science of a generation ago, or taking the date of the marriage of Amenhotep III from Budge, whose inaccuracy is always such that he represents no science whatever, either obsolete or modern. Mr. Baikie omits Nubia on his map, which is unfortunate in view of the fact that Egypt's only permanent conquests were in the south.

In "The Queens of Egypt," by Miss Buttles, we have a more pretentious volume than that of Mr. Baikie, with an introduction written by Professor Maspero. As the earliest women of historical importance whose life and achievements are in some measure preserved to us, the queens of Egypt offer an interesting and an important theme. But the plan of the book is faulty. As so many of the queens accomplished nothing, and as, indeed, there is only one queen, Hatshepsut, of whose deeds we have full information, Miss Buttles's book is necessarily a loose and disconnected series of reports of archaeological discoveries, interspersed with lists of monuments of the queens. Besides that of Hatshepsut, not a single personality capable of analysis emerges. Miss Buttles displays commendable industry in the use of sources, but lamentable failure to employ the latest form in which they are accessible. She quotes only Naville on her most important queen, Hatshepsut, and thus obtains translations and views representing the Egyptology of fifty years since. Or, she employs the "Records of the Past," and thus reports that the city of "Zaru," given to Queen Tiye by Amenhotep III, with its huge pleasure-lake, was situated in the Delta, although we have long since known that its name is not "Zaru," and that it was situated far up the river at Thebes. Graver errors result from unfamiliarity with the later translations of the sources. It is even stated (p. 113) that under Amenhotep III the Egyptians conquered the entire valley of the Euphrates, an old misunderstanding which was exploded forty years ago. Perhaps Miss Buttles may be pardoned here, as she obtained the surprising fact from the "History of Egypt," by Newberry and Garstang, who in turn took it from Petrie. If the Egyptian monuments have not shown clearly that the Pharaohs never conquered the entire Euphrates valley, the Amarna letters, with their display of friendly correspondence between the kings of Babylonia and those of Egypt at this very time, should settle the question forever. But Miss Buttles knows nothing of Winckler's edition of the Amarna letters, long since to be had in English, much less of the more recent work of Knudtzon. Had her book been planned as the history of women in the Nile Valley, their position, influence, and achievements, and the proper sources in modern form employed, she might have supplied a

coherent and highly useful but still unwritten chapter in the story of woman.

Mr. Duncan's book is a pale reflection of the views of Petrie. It contains interesting and readable accounts of experiences in the field at Petrie's camp, but is entirely without value in solving any of those problems of the Old Testament which are involved in Egyptian discovery. Indeed, Mr. Duncan has not even perceived the existence of these problems. He is entirely innocent of any critical knowledge of the Old Testament. The following quotation is such delightful evidence of his state of mind that it is worth reading—for reasons hardly appreciable by the author himself:

Since the Bible states that Joseph was buried in Egypt, and his bones removed to Canaan at the Exodus, somewhere in this neighborhood there ought to be found an empty sarcophagus, or mummy coffin, inscribed with the names, titles, and honors of Joseph. No such tomb has yet been discovered, but it is much more likely to be found in the cemetery of Heliopolis (On), where Joseph is understood to have resided, than in the district of Goshen.

After this, we do not wonder that the garrison of "240,000" men, stationed at Avaris, according to Manetho (not Josephus, as Mr. Duncan states), is accepted as a fact. We are, therefore, still without the much-needed volume by a competent scholar on the relations of Egypt and the Hebrews.

The Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907. By James Brown Scott. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 2 vols. \$5.

Official Report of the Seventeenth Universal Congress of Peace. London: The National Council of Peace Societies.

The cynically inclined will accept Mr. Scott's two bulky volumes of nearly 900 pages each as admirably symbolic of their subject. They stand for two great world congresses which gathered after long preparation, debated profound problems at vast length, and dispersed, leaving the world very much where it was before. But the cynical point of view on this subject of universal peace is an easy one to take, as Mr. Scott points out. Any measure of accomplishment compared with a large purpose must appear ridiculous. "Congresses of peace that have put in their time defining the laws of war," sneer the cynics. "A congress of equals whose action cannot be forced and whose decisions must be unanimous," answers the jurist; "let us be thankful for what we can get." That is the attitude of Mr. Scott, America's technical delegate to the second Hague Conference, whose lectures before the Johns Hopkins University make up our first volume. His second is given over entirely to the documents of the conferences. These, with the exception of one

important paper, were published last year by Mr. Scott under the auspices of the International School of Peace, and commented on in the *Nation* of December 10. Little of significance has escaped our author. First, here are your original treaties and convention. Secondly, you get nearly 150 pages of condensed commentary on the two conferences. Lastly, you have an expanded account of 750 pages, authoritative and circumstantial.

The growth of international juristic comity, the addition of an article or a clause to the body of international law, are, to the specialist, things worth while. But Mr. Scott is aware that public opinion was concerned, not with international law, but with the limitation of the world's armaments and with the establishment of arbitration. Well, even here there is some gain to reckon. If the limitation of armaments was dismissed at The Hague as unripe for practical consideration, there is at least the formal pronouncement of the nations that the limitation of armaments is eminently desirable. If the principle of arbitration has made painful progress with its Permanent Arbitration Court of 1899 that was not at all a court, but a long list of eminent persons to whom the nations, if they desired, might refer their troubles; and if the Court of Arbitral Justice of 1907 was a court with a general form of procedure and judges' salaries, but no judges, the fact remains that from the first conference to the second the gain was so considerable that the ultimate establishment of a real court with real judges and real functions must be declared inevitable. Herein our author, like his former chief, Mr. Elihu Root, whom he copiously quotes, finds a basis for optimism: the habit of peace is growing. The first Conference came as a surprise and a puzzle. But the first Conference already looked forward to a second Conference, just as that second assembly spoke of conferences to follow. Mr. Scott is willing to wait. As long as the idea of international arbitration is making headway, other improvements can bide their time. The nations' refusal to disarm he finds quite natural:

As long as a resort to force for the settlement of international difficulties is regarded as proper, if not the only and reasonable expedient, no nation is likely to expose itself to strong, aggressive, and not overscrupulous neighbors by depriving itself of the recognized means of protection and self-assertion. The means of warfare and the preparations for war will exist until a substitute for war be proposed which is not only reasonable in itself, but which is so reasonable that its non-acceptance would be unreasonable.

That is, we may keep our armies and navies, and yet sincerely and effectively work for peace.

The nations, our writer speaks of. To us it seems imperative to draw a dis-

tinction between nations and governments. When Mr. Scott, in palliation of what the two Conferences failed to accomplish, would rehearse the factors that are now working for peace, he must refer to the interdependence of nations; the influence of international commerce; "good understanding based upon knowledge and sympathy"; peace societies, international congresses, conferences, associations, unions; the spread of representative government; the growing sense of the uselessness of war; and the growing sentiment in favor of arbitration. Now, these are all factors of importance; but they are, in a way, manifestations of national and not of governmental sentiment. It is only as the growing dread of war among the nations urges their governments on the road to peace that we can expect peace conferences, after long weeks of high pleading and arguing, not to be brought up sharp against a governmental *non possumus*.

The report of the Universal Peace Congress which met in London in the summer of 1908, deals in detail with just such a popular movement as Mr. Scott had in mind when he enumerated his factors of universal peace.

English Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By Laurie Magnus. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2 net.

Aside from the manuals which inform the schoolboy that Gower wrote in three languages and that Milton preceded Pope and was a greater writer, there are two rare types of literary history of distinct usefulness and interest—the purely bibliographical and the purely critical. The one would record, say, in the nineteenth century, all the authors of any importance and all their books with carefully ascertained dates and a brief statement of contents. The other would regard the nineteenth century as a great complex personality, would estimate the forces of its heredity and environment, trace the development of its ideas and its powers and modes of expression, and pass judgment upon the period in the light of other periods and other national literatures. The first type demands great industry and accuracy; the second demands immense industry, erudition, sympathy, discrimination, and style. Unfortunately, neither of these types flourishes among us in its purity. Our literary historians for the most part, feeling their weakness on both sides, take a shuffling middle course, leaving thoroughgoing bibliography to the Germans, and mingling with desultory criticism, fragmentary lists of books and trite biographical detail. The desire to say something about everything precludes the possibility of doing justice to anything. As a consequence, we find one of the most distinguished historians of nineteenth-century litera-

ture dismissing John Addington Symonds in a page and a half, in which we learn that he was a consumptive; that he wrote the "History of the Renaissance in Italy"; and that he was prolix.

Mr. Magnus aspires to the more difficult type; he calls his book an "essay in criticism." He possesses some of the qualities which are essential to success in that type. With Victorian literature in general, he is heartily sympathetic and at the same time discriminating. In dealing with individual writers he is direct, specific, and vivid. He comes to close quarters with the style, for example, of Ruskin; speaks appreciatively of the "sense of breadth and space, of the *latis otia fundis*" in his writing; does justice to the spirit which he breathed upon political economy; properly relates his sociological doctrines to his artistic faith; and at the same time lays his finger upon Ruskin's temperamental limitation—his egomania and his quixotism. He has a frequent power over the compact illuminating phrase. Of Newman he writes: "There are prayer and fasting in his style, as well as in his life. It has a virtue, at its best, which can only be described as at once virile and virginal." Of Mrs. Craik's John Halifax he says: "He personified the virtues of Capital. He was the breath in the nostrils of individualism. He illustrated by example the philosophy of John Stuart Mill." His characterizations of the prose writers, on the whole, are less nearly adequate than those of the poets. His mild derision of Mill through Mrs. Craik betrays his bias. Mr. Magnus is by temperament and faith a Wordsworthian—transcendentalist and poet. Fiction, he holds, is a lesser vehicle of truth. The genius of the nineteenth century was not in its philosophers. It is the poets who have effected the reconciliation between knowledge and belief. By virtue of this achievement, Wordsworth becomes his hero of the first half-century, and George Meredith, to whom the book is dedicated, the hero of the second half-century—even so, it is rather strong to say that Meredith is "accounted among the greatest English poets."

His search for the formula of the age, which he finds in its bent for "emancipation," and his attempt to range all the writers with reference to it, gives to the work of Mr. Magnus something of that unity and coherence so much to be desired in a work of this kind. But the formula, like all others hitherto proposed, is far too simple. The great moments of his period (1784 to the present day), the French Revolution and the "Origin of Species," are indeed moments of emancipation. But it is scarcely over-subtle to say, regarding the nineteenth century as a personality, that though its predominant involuntary tendency was toward emancipation, its predominant voluntary tendency was the

search for standards, the desire for valid new bonds. The zest of the literature was in the conflict of these tendencies and in the rivalry of diverse-minded searchers. In indicating the line of conflict Mr. Magnus's book is decidedly weak. For instance, he gives no hint that every page of Carlyle's is a broadside against every page of Mill's and vice versa. Indeed, his transcendental leaning and his undefined distinction between literature and not-literature have led him to dismiss the Utilitarians with quite insufficient notice. To make the matter worse, he adds to his brief mention of Mill a single paragraph in which he lumps together a dozen other philosophical writers "who belong to, or are variants of, this school." Among them it is interesting to notice Sir William Hamilton, who represented, in fact, the diametrically opposite school of thought, and "William James (of New York)"! Such a grouping of names as this is of no conceivable value in itself. It is misleading; and it seriously clogs the course of the exposition. Here and in many other places, Mr. Magnus has fallen into the trap of the writer of the literary manual from a desire for inclusiveness.

Yet the failure of Mr. Magnus to bring into strong relief the main currents of literature in his period is due, in the first place, to the lack of political and philosophical ballast, and in the second to an almost total neglect of foreign influences, arising from a wish to prove the independence of English literature. His treatment of the Revolutionary era is superficial. He speaks of the rise of sentimentalism on British soil, of Cowper's hare and Burns's mouse; but he has only a passing and insignificant word for Rousseau and does not even mention the giant struggle of Burke or the sledge-hammer blows of Thomas Paine delivered successively in America, England, and France—does not even mention their names. To write of Shelley or Byron, or Wordsworth without reference to them is as shallow—to compare great things with small—as to write of Swinburne or Oscar Wilde or George Moore without reference to Victor Hugo or Gautier or Baudelaire. In dealing with the romantic movement as with the aesthetic decadence, the resolute chauvinism of Mr. Magnus shrouds the most significant things in a great darkness. To criticise the nineteenth century is still to criticise oneself; and he who is proudest of the achievement of the age is least likely vigorously to anatomize its character.

Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire. By F. H. Cheetham. New York: John Lane Co. \$5 net.

Though written in the tone of apology, this book deserves attention because it represents under an attractive literary form a detailed, if not a com-

plete and thorough, account of the early career of a great French ruler. Personally, the third Napoleon cannot be said to have the individual claims to greatness which his admirers, including Mr. Cheetham, would accord him. But he ruled over France in a momentous period of the life of the nation and in more ways than one his acts as President and Emperor were of such a critical character that the whole course of European political life was influenced by his policy. For many years the Second Empire stood as the incarnation of the democratic principle in European politics. It was looked upon as a bulwark against the forces of reaction. Whatever may be thought about the character of Louis Napoleon as a man, or his achievements as a statesman, the fact that he was the leader of the French nation when it was at the forefront of European progress made him a predominant figure in the history of the nineteenth century. It is because of this unique position that the nephew of the great Emperor has been able to secure such indefatigable advocates in his behalf. The literary tradition of our time seems to be strongly in his favor. People forget the virile criticism made by the republican opposition, and almost without exception those who write on this period appear as apologists of the Emperor.

Mr. Cheetham's work does not carry him further than the opening years of the political life of Louis Napoleon. Most attention is given to the obscurer portions of his career when he was the acknowledged exponent of the Napoleonic ideals of government. These years of his life are chiefly interesting for the light they throw on the nature and temperament of the man as these came to be revealed later on. There was then, as afterwards, the same indecision, moodiness, and insincerity, but small evidence of that later shrewdness and readiness to seize the opportunity as it passed. Neither by education nor by innate qualities was Louis Napoleon prepared for the task to which he was called in a moment of patriotic fervor. The moral fibre that from the first was lacking to his nature was never supplied. When he came into public notice he appears as an adventurer, bearing the name of the great Napoleon, but repeating mechanically the formulas and the ideas of the imperial régime. The uncle would probably have seen in the nephew only a specimen of the type of idealogue which the great man so thoroughly despised. Mr. Cheetham does not notice that Louis seems to have inherited his literary tendencies from his uncle Lucian. As a pamphleteer he showed some of Lucian's superficial brilliancy. He certainly recalls Lucian's lack of steadiness. The adventures in Italy, at Strasbourg, and finally at Boulogne, cannot, even with Mr. Cheetham's

pleading, appear as anything but exhibitions of incapacity, the results of a badly thought-out and worse-executed programme. The picturesque side of these events is well handled, but the enigmas of the situation are left unexplained.

Mr. Cheetham might have paid more attention to the recent Italian literature on the secret societies so active in Italy during the period of reaction. He should have noticed also the unfavorable references to Louis Napoleon in the memoirs of the time, more especially because Thirria, to whom Mr. Cheetham makes constant appeal, compiled his book largely from the contemporary newspapers; and Le Bey, a later writer, also frequently referred to, is notoriously under the influence of the Bonapartist legend. Mr. Cheetham speaks in a vague way of the activity of Louis Napoleon's personal friends, in France, while he was living in England. Their relations with party politics before and during the republic of 1848 deserve careful examination. It is not sufficient to say that Louis Napoleon's sudden rise represented the aspirations of the majority of Frenchmen. Such a statement explains very little, especially when one remembers that the same electors who voted for a Bonaparte, as President, sent to Paris a body of legislators who were anti-democratic and showed no real sympathy with the Napoleonic tradition.

The Silvæ of Statius. Translated with introduction and notes by D. A. Slater. New York: Henry Frowde. \$1.

Few moderns since the poet Pope have taken Statius seriously, and his epics which won him fame in the period that most honored him, the Middle Ages, are now accounted the least significant part of his poetry. His "*Silvæ*," related at once to the epigram and the epyllion, are more in keeping with the tendencies of his age, and to them one turns to-day, if one reads Statius at all; barring the panegyrics, which were virtually prescribed, these poems contain much that attracts. Poets who have known the Bay of Naples intimately ought to show in their work a certain companionship. Statius is linked by this delightful bond to Virgil before him, and to Pontano and Sannazaro after. His admiration of Virgil and his echoes of certain Virgilian effects are noticeable enough: he suggests also a pleasant trait of the later poets, their habit of personifying bits of the landscape that they loved, of creating mythology from hill and stream as the Greeks had once created it:

In those caves Anio himself finds rest; yes, he forsakes his source, and when in the secret night he has put off his sea-blue garments, stretches himself upon the springing moss, or into the deep pool plunges his huge bulk, and with rhythmic

stroke claps against the glassy waters. In yonder shade Tiburnus rests; there Albula is fain to wash her sulphurous tresses. A bower like this might lure from Egeria, forest, Phœbe, rob cold Taygetus of his Dryad bands; and charm Pan from the Lycean woods ("*Silvæ*," i, 3.).

Another matter that impresses the reader of the "*Silvæ*" is the poet's interest in works of art. Cicero, and even Virgil and Horace, supreme in literary art, show little feeling for painting and sculpture save where these form a part of some literary tradition; they still have something of the primitive Roman contempt of the connoisseur and dilettante. But by Statius's time, art must have been an important interest in the life of a cultured Roman; a villa stored with beautiful things demanded no apology. The philosopher Pollio, whom Statius celebrates, turns for doctrinal inspiration to Phidias and Myron no less than to Epicurus.

The English reader will not fail to detect these and other attractions of the "*Silvæ*" in the prose version of Mr. Slater, the quality of which may be seen in the above selection. Our author thinks that Pope, and Pope alone, could have translated Statius into verse. Certainly the recent sonnet quoted by Mr. Slater, which attempts to render Statius's most beautiful poem, the invocation to Sleep, is not a striking success. We have noted only a few minor infelicities in Mr. Slater's translation. One who writes *docta carmina* is not a "scholar-poet" (i, 2, 172); the phrase "Lucretius the prophet and his impassioned lore" for *docti furor ardens Lucreti* (ii, 7, 76) comes nearer the meaning. "Duty, greatest of gods," addressed in iii, 3, is not the deity whom the reader of Wordsworth might expect, but filial devotion, *Pietas*. Mr. Slater should have included a translation of the prose prefaces: the brief statement about them in his introduction is not a compensation.

In the introduction sufficient information is given about Statius and his "*Silvæ*." The author does not attempt a penetrating study of the poems, but he does well in showing that some of the severest criticisms of them have come from those who have not read them or have read with extraordinary inattentiveness. Thus Tyrrell's treatment in his "Latin Poetry" is based not on Statius, but upon the brilliant though inaccurate essay of Nisard. A matter of interest to which Mr. Slater devotes considerable discussion is Dante's account of the supposed conversion of Statius to Christianity in consequence of his reading the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. He argues plausibly against Canon Moore that Dante did not invent the legend for a dramatic purpose, but followed much earlier tradition. He even reminds us that Statius might have met St. Paul at Naples, associating with this possible,

or later-imagined, occurrence, the well-known story of St. Paul's visit to Virgil's tomb at Pozzuoli.

Science.

SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION.

Fifty Years of Darwinism. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.

Of the many celebrations called forth in this country by the fiftieth anniversary of Darwin's "Origin of Species," one only has so far been sufficiently ambitious to pass into book form—the addresses delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Baltimore on the first day of the year. Darwinism stands to-day for evolution as well as for the theory of natural selection, although evolution had long been advocated before Darwin. Darwin convinced the thinking world of the truth of evolution, partly through the large body of facts that he brought forward in support of this view and partly through his special theory of natural selection which attempted to give a reasonable explanation of the evolutionary process. While the doctrine of evolution is now accepted by practically all students of animals and plants, the theory of natural selection, as proposed by Darwin, has not met with the same universal acceptance, although it has received, in one form or another, general recognition as an important factor in evolution. These conclusions are well borne out by the opinions expressed in the present volume.

At the invitation of the Association, Prof. E. B. Poulton, a leading exponent of Darwinism, came to this country to give the first address of the series. The oft-told tale of the reception of Darwin's book, "The Origin of Species," is rehearsed by him with boyish relish. The battle is fought over once more to the everlasting discomfiture of the opponents of evolution and natural selection. And the conflict is at times turned into an attack on those within the ranks who, following after Darwin, have not accepted his special theory of natural selection as an all-sufficient and self-satisfying explanation of how evolution has taken place. Fifty years of Darwinism seems in Poulton's eyes to mean just fifty years of Darwinism, and nothing besides. That our conception of organic evolution has grown vigorously since 1859 does not appear from Professor Poulton's address, although without a single exception the following nine addresses make this point of view sufficiently apparent. The greatness of Darwin's achievement is better shown, we venture to think, by those who have carried forward the work as it was left

by him than by those of his followers who turn deaf ears to what students of evolution have done since his day.

In striking contrast to this somewhat lengthy "retrospect," the second address by Prof. J. M. Coulter on the standpoint of botany offers a vigorous and independent treatment of the indebtedness of that subject to Darwin. After a graceful acknowledgment of the influence of Darwin's work, which extends even beyond his formulation of the origin of species by natural selection, Coulter adds, "whether natural selection stands or falls as an adequate explanation of the origin of species, there can never be any doubt as to the breath of life it infused" into the study of descent. Coulter points out that, while at first botanists were captivated by the explanation of adaptation in plants through natural selection and showed great ingenuity in accounting for such fitness, the old explanations began to lose hold when it was found, for example, that thorns, supposed to have arisen because of protection afforded against grazing animals, prevail chiefly among plants in regions peculiarly free from such animals. The stinging hairs of nettles had been explained as built up by natural selection. It is now known that the nettle gets along very well without stinging hairs. Natural selection, Coulter concludes, eliminates species and individuals; it has nothing to do with selecting individual plants on the basis of some small, better adapted variation.

The influence of the environment in calling forth new types as a result of directly stimulating the germ plasma is urged by Prof. D. T. Macdougall. In support of this view he cites some of the most important recent experiments showing the effects of temperature and moisture, of injections of salt solution, and of radium emanations. The subject of this address is a matter of the greatest interest to students of evolution, since it bears on the most fundamental of all evolutionary questions, the origin of new variations that are "definitely" inherited.

The study of the inheritance of variations in its most modern aspects is dealt with by Prof. W. E. Castle and by Prof. Charles B. Davenport in two brief and interesting chapters. Castle explains exactly in the light of modern research the appearance of ancestral characters (atavism) when races are crossed, or when artificial selection ceases. Races of domesticated animals and plants have been produced by losing some one of the original characters. When two such races from a common source are recombined by crossing, the original conditions are once more fulfilled and the atavistic form reappears. Thus, for example, two races of white peas when crossed give the original purple pea of Sicily. A black and a yellow rabbit produce a gray rabbit—the color of the

wild form from which the yellow and the black domestic races have sprung, each by the loss of a different character.

Definite variations are generally called mutations. Macdougall's account deals with such mutations produced by environment; Castle refers mutations to the loss or acquirement of single characters in De Vries's terminology. Davenport urges that evolution is due primarily to mutations, and not to the summation of fluctuations, and assures the reader that, were Darwin alive to-day, he would cordially accept the same point of view. The mutation theory is not, however, incompatible with the theory of natural selection, for there may be selection among discontinuous variations, as well as among quantitative variations. As though in anticipation of such an interpretation of Darwinism, Poulton points out, in the opening essay, that in 1864 the Duke of Argyle said:

Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory of the origin of species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world.

To which Darwin replied:

I demur . . . to the Duke's expression of "new births." That may be a very good theory, but it is not mine.

Truly, the work of the reconciler is made hard.

Under the title of Adaptation, Prof. C. H. Eigenmann deals with the central problem of evolution. He brings to bear on this question his exceptional knowledge of cave faunas and the great adaptive changes that take place within certain families of fishes. Species become adapted by migration into congenial locations. Migration obviously is the important agent in evolution, not isolation, as Jordan maintains, provided the central problem of evolution is origin of adaptation rather than the "origin of species."

Isolation is urged by President Jordan as a primary factor in evolution. The importance of this factor has often been advanced before by those systematists to whom evolution means chiefly the formation of geographical races and species. But it is not evident that natural selection can have much concern with the formation of species, since specific differences have nothing whatsoever to do with useful characters. That the process of evolution (aside from the arbitrary definition of species) is concerned with fundamental adaptations rather than with superficial differences is self-evident. Granting that animals change with their environment and that isolation prevents intermingling and the production of intermediates, it does not seem to follow that isolation need have anything whatsoever to do with evolution of adaptive

characters, for it is adaptive characters alone that natural selection pretends to account for.

In Darwin's day the relation of the egg cell to the body was by no means so clear as it has become in recent years. The vagueness with which Darwin conceived how the egg cell might be built up out of units (pangenes) received from different parts of the body of the parent, is pointed out by Prof. Edmund B. Wilson. A clear summing up of the evidence to-day is distinctly opposed to the theory of the inheritance of acquired characters advocated by Darwin as a subsidiary hypothesis to natural selection.

No chapter in the whole range of evolution has been more important than that which deals with fossils, as the strongest evidence that evolution, in some way, has taken place. Prof. H. F. Osborn brings to this topic his wide familiarity with fossil remains. He argues that the evidence is demonstrative in showing that evolution has progressed in definite lines. This view has been held by a number of able naturalists, but Osborn implies that these definite lines are often adaptive lines. Selection tries to account for the origin of such lines, but Osborn rejects selection as a sufficient explanation of the process and leaves the reader in doubt as to what the unknown cause of certain adaptive "origins" may be; for, while progression along lines that are not adaptive will be readily understood, progression along adaptive lines without selection and without the Lamarckian factor is something at present outside the scope of scientific demonstration.

In concise and strong statements President G. Stanley Hall brings the volume to a close with "Evolution and Psychology." The debt of genetic psychology to Darwin is generously recognized. Darwin is "hardly less the founder of a new departure in this field than in that of classification of form and structure."

He posits a natural history rather than a philosophy of mind. . . . Finally, as Darwin freed biology from the inveterate dominance of the ideas of fixed and divinely created species, conceptions directly inherited from Plato's ideas and Aristotle's categories, so everything in the present psychological situation cries out for a new Darwin of the mind, who shall break the present spell of theoretical problems incapable of scientific solution, the ideal of a logical and methodical exactness greater than our subject in its present stage permits of, which Aristotle well dubbed pedantry, and remand the haunting problem of the ultimate goal of the psyche to the same limbo. . . . Only by so doing can we again get up against the essential facts of life as it is lived by the toiling, struggling men, women, and children, normal and defective, of our day.

Truly a wide range of subject and opinion; a fine tribute to the memory

of a great and independent thinker, even though much of what is written may be repudiated as not Darwinism by that narrow sect that claims to hold in fee the secrets of the master.

In "The Garden Yard" (Philadelphia: David McKay) Bolton Hall continues his apostleship to those city folk who try to support themselves in the country. The book teaches intensive farming to the home gardener, and instructs the beginner in market gardening. It discusses general farming topics, the various classes of vegetables, and poultry. For its size the book is very comprehensive, and its treatment of the subject is simple and practical. In his facts and advice Mr. Hall is up-to-date; his book should help to bring about the practice of intensive gardening which is to be the salvation of Eastern farmers and of suburban dwellers generally. Mr. Hall promises no millennium, however, to those who will not think as well as work. In an introduction N. O. Nelson urges the forming of coöperative farming settlements, and offers to finance them.

To those visionary souls who still take pleasure in naming the constellations we recommend a little book by Willis I. Millham, entitled "How to Identify the Stars" (Macmillan).

Raffaele Vittorio Matteucci, director of the observatory on Mt. Vesuvius, died there on July 16, from pneumonia contracted by exposure during scientific excursions at night on the crater. He was born at Senigallia, near Ancona, in 1866. Before succeeding the late Professor Palmieri as head of the Vesuvian observatory, he was assistant professor of natural sciences in the University of Naples. He had published a number of monographs on lava; on the *fumarole* and their products; on the phenomena exhibited by this volcano during the period between 1891 and 1895, and a work entitled "Come dovrebbe essere studiato il Vesuvio."

Drama.

EXAMINING THE EXAMINER.

The Examiner of Plays in England, George Alexander Redford, was for two days before the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on the censorship, and his detailed testimony is highly enlightening. Whether it is more amusing than depressing, it is hard to say. The disclosure of the complete lack of taste in the officer who regulates national dramatic taste, and of the ignorance and want of fixed intellectual principles and moral sensibility on the part of the man who for fourteen years has decided what should and what should not be produced on the stage, must certainly compel a reform in the censorship, even if the result be not to reform it altogether away. None of the attacks upon it by playwrights and theatrical managers has damaged it so seriously as the two days' examination of the Examiner.

Mr. Redford, who, for the rest, ap-

pears to be a well-meaning and contented citizen, was asked by the committee to state his qualifications for his important task. Was he an educated man, a university graduate? Well, no, but "no doubt the Lord Chamberlain satisfied himself as to my competence." Had he engaged in literary pursuits previous to his appointment? Not exactly, though he had "dabbled in such things." What had he written? "If you wish to know, I have written several plays." Were any of them ever produced? Not one! What was his actual position before becoming Examiner of Plays? "I was a bank manager." How did he come to be appointed censor? Why, he was a friend of the previous censor, and had been in the habit of "acting for him when he was on holiday"! Mr. Harcourt, for the committee, then asked the question, which even Mr. Redford must have perceived to be ironical: "So the public were permitted at such seasons to see only such plays as the censor's friend thought it desirable they should see?"

The whole inquiry brought out the incompetence and confusion and vacillating uncertainties of the censorship in the most glaring way. Mr. Redford was asked on what principles he proceeded in determining whether a given play should be or should not be licensed. His reply was that he simply applied "the official point of view." Here is official art with a vengeance! But what was the official standard? Why, it was merely "custom and precedent." One sees how simple it is! A play of the kind that never has been licensed, never can be licensed, that is the whole of it. If there is in a play anything that the censor believes any of his predecessors would have thought indecent, or too personal, or offensive to the head of a friendly nation, or—oh, yes!—irreligious, that play cannot be produced in England.

Another positive rule was that no drama or opera could be "Scriptural." Mr. Redford was very strong on that point. But had he not recently licensed "Samson et Dalila"? Yes, but he had "stretched the rule" in that case. But there was one rule which was never stretched—the rule against immoral plays. How did he decide what were immoral plays? He was "bound by precedents—the unwritten law." But that unwritten law was precisely what the committee wanted to get at, and they plied Mr. Redford with questions. All in vain, however. He made it evident that he had no fixed standards whatever. Even in the matter of indecency, he had to admit that the worst plays of Congreve or Wycherley would have nothing to fear from the censorship, because they would come under the head of old plays not under the jurisdiction of the censor. Yet it was confessed that an indecent Restoration drama could not now

be produced, simply because public opinion would not tolerate it. So there we have it—it is really the public taste, not the censor, that banishes the grosser plays from the stage. Quite apart from the question of an official license, there are standards and also laws—such as those against libel and against indecent exhibitions—which no theatrical manager could venture to disregard or violate.

In the end this whole question of licensing the production of a play seems cursoriously like the question of licensing the printing of a book. Milton's argument regarding the latter would apply almost literally to the former. Indecent or libellous books he would leave to the law; and as for the impossible duties of the licenser, the language of the "Areopagitica" seems prophetic of poor Mr. Redford, with his 7,000 plays to read in fourteen years:

It cannot be denied, wrote Milton, but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books . . . had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious. . . . If he be of such worth as beehoves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journeywork, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets. . . . Seeing, therefore, those who now possess the employment, by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, . . . we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect, hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary.

It seems plain that the testimony of the censor will be the undoing of the censorship. The evidence of playwrights and dramatic critics was unnecessary, after Mr. Redford had left the stand. His office may not be abolished, but it is sure to be reformed. Probably, the first step will be to allow an appeal from his decisions, which are now as final as they are inscrutable. Mr. Redford's innocent testifying to his own inconsistencies and ignorance was most diverting. He had refused a license to "La Città Morta," but had given one to the horrible plays of the Sicilian actors, because their manager had sent him a *précis*, and that seemed harmless. German plays he felt a little weak about, since he did not know the language, but his wife did. The *ewig Weibliche* in the censorship!

In Chapter i of "William Shakespeare, Player, Playmaker, and Poet" (John Lane Co.), Canon H. C. Beeching has tried to sum up as succinctly as possible the arguments in G. G. Greenwood's bulky volume, "The Shakespeare Problem Restated." In Chapters ii and iii he reprints lectures on Shakespeare's life and character. To this book Mr. Greenwood rejoins with "In Re Shakespeare" (John Lane Co.). Mr. Greenwood, making much of the spell-

ing *Shakespeare* as the *nom de guerre* of the author of the plays, and *Shakspeare* for the player born at Stratford, argued with great detail in his first book to prove that the player could not have written the plays attributed to him. Yet he did not directly affirm the Baconian theory of authorship, nor did he attempt to identify the person concealed under the name *Shakespeare*. Point by point, Canon Beeching, as an enthusiastic Shakespearean, traverses this evidence. Point by point in his second book, Mr. Greenwood attempts to answer this attack.

Whatever else discussion of Shakespearean authorship may lack, it never fails to make one or all of the disputants irate. Canon Beeching talks of the "bluff" of Mr. Greenwood and accuses him of argumentative methods more worthy of an advocate than a judge. Mr. Greenwood retorts by animadversion on the pulpit and the cloth. All of which hardly advances the cause of truth. Canon Beeching is the more judicial, but he does not always distinguish clearly between facts and surmises or between imagination and real evidence. It may be questioned whether a writer who will devote a page to considering if, in the light of the plays, we may hold that Shakespeare drank tobacco, is the proper person to give the final destructive treatment to such a mare's nest as Mr. Greenwood has constructed. The mind for that must be relentlessly analytic and impartial. On the other hand, Mr. Greenwood is open to some extent to Canon Beeching's charge that he cares more to make his point than to search unswervingly for truth. He quibbles with his opponents, drawing off attention on special or minor points, and concluding as if he had answered or effectively weakened the whole opposing case. (See his treatment of Irving's argument against the Baconian theory, p. 112.) He also meets assertion with assertion, concluding as if he had proved something true. (See p. 62, as to the "Return from Parnassus.") He chooses the one witness among many considering a question who particularly favors his view, disregarding the immediate objection—for instance, in the case of Mr. Fleay—that this opinion of his witness changed so often and was sometimes, at first, so arbitrarily taken that it must be supported by other evidence or witnesses. (See p. 53.) He even uses the *argumentum ad hominem* against Canon Beeching, and then seems to conclude that he has proved something for the reader (pp. 72-81). There can be no question, then, that Mr. Greenwood's fervor as a controversialist leads him into strange ways. Nor does his exceedingly lame explanation, in an appendix, of his supposed discourteous references to Mr. Sidney Lee increase a reader's willingness to accept him as a whole-souled searcher for truth.

Art.

"Ghirlandaio," by Gerald S. Davies, which is among the recent Scribner importations, has the distinction of being the only separate work on the subject in English, and unless its successors are to be better, we hope it may long enjoy that solitary dignity. It belongs to that class of

compilations which, falling short of thorough scholarship, are even more deficient in good sense and literary attractiveness. It is not so much that the author has not labored faithfully with his theme. The lack is less of diligence than of judgment. Relatively unimportant matters, such as the religious sincerity of Ghirlandaio, are labored at tedious length, while that most diverting and instructive document of the Florentine Renaissance, the contract for the Sta. Maria Novella frescoes, is merely mentioned in the text, though printed in the original Latin in an appendix. The magnificent portrait in the Louvre is passed in half a dozen lines; even more briefly the exquisite Giovanna degli Albizzi. On most matters of disputed attribution, Mr. Davies is inconclusive, though, contrariwise, he apportions between master and pupils the frescoes at the Trinità and Sta. Maria Novella with a certainty that excites wonderment. We have no space to enter into the various disputable matters. Symptomatic inaccuracies are not infrequent. On page 9 Masaccio's Crucifixion at Sta. Maria Novella is called an Annunciation. On page 14 Ghirlandaio's Salutation in the Louvre suffers the same transformation. We hope no enthusiast will be induced to go to the Spedaletto at Volterra to see the fresco of the Forge of Vulcan, which is described as "ruined." Herbert Horne, eight years ago, found only slight traces of the underpainting. This work at Volterra, though described at second hand, is not mentioned in the chronological survey. It must fall, as Mr. Horne has shown in his "Botticelli," about the year 1485. On the other hand, the Last Supper, in the Badia di Passignano, which Mr. Davies catalogues as "lost," we saw in very tolerable, if repainted, condition about a year ago. We can commend little in this slipshod monograph except the clear type and the good cuts. If there is a demand for a Ghirlandaio book in English why does not some publisher take the obvious course of translating Dr. Heerl Hauvette's admirable treatise?

The second volume of Dr. G. Carotti's "History of Art" (Dutton) bears the subtitle, "Early Christian and neo-Oriental Art, European Art North of the Alps." Excluding Italy, after the thirteenth century, it includes what is usually called early Christian, Byzantine, Saracenic, Romanesque, and Gothic art. A great amount of information, generally accurate and up to date, has been packed within small compass. The bibliography is full, though not exhaustive, the lists of typical monuments, in smaller type, very useful. The scope of the work may be inferred from the space given to Gothic art—something more than one hundred pages, as against about fifteen in Reinach's standard manual, "Apollo." The numerous small cuts are very clearly printed, and the little volume is handy for the pocket or satchel. It should serve well as a class book. A laborious verification of all matters of fact is naturally impossible, but in this regard the text meets casual yet crucial tests. It seems to us that the author gives himself a little too unservedly to current and popular theories of the influence of Sassanid upon European art. We regret, too, his use of the term Carolingian, to cover all sorts of belated Byzantinism in and out of Italy. Taken broadly, it seems to us the best manual

of the kind in the field. In their choice of a translator, however, author and publisher have been unlucky. Defects of idiom, sometimes obscuring the sense, occur too frequently. Geographical names appear carelessly in the Italian form, for example, "Monaco", (Munich), "Anversa", "Gand." A Gothic cathedral resembles a "carcase" (meaning skeleton), and, a few lines further on, a "carcass." Fresco and porcelain are used loosely for wall painting and pottery. In short the text has not had proper editorial supervision and needs a minute overhauling. It is fair to add that these defects are usually rather of taste than of substance.

Karl Hiersemann of Leipzig has issued Teil I, "Metall," of a work containing an abundance of rare but trustworthy information, entitled "Erzeugnisse Islamischer Kunst." This work describes and discusses in detail a collection of Oriental works of art, more especially of Persian-Islamic art, the description being given by the owner, Prof. Friedrich Sarre, with epigraphical contributions by Dr. Eugen Mittwoch. The collection appears in quarto form of 82 pages, with 10 tables and 54 illustrations, costing 12 marks. It is asserted that this is the only collection of the kind on the continent. Dr. Sarre has also in preparation Teil II, entitled "Seldschukische Kleinkunst," with 60 illustrations, of which 25 are photographs. It deals with one of the most interesting periods in the history of Islamic art.

An announcement has been received in Rome of the resignation of Prof. C. Hülsen, who for twenty-five years has been connected with the German Archaeological Institute in that city. His retirement is due to his lack of sympathy with the policy of the Berlin authorities, who have reduced the sum allowed for the Institute library and have appointed a young scholar, a former pupil of Professor Hülsen, to the post of provisional first secretary. It will be remembered that Dr. Dörpfeld, the head of the German Institute in Athens, also sent in his resignation last year, for similar reasons, and was only persuaded to keep his post by the personal intervention of the German Emperor. It is alleged that the policy of the Berlin authorities is to neglect Roman and Greek archaeology in favor of research in Persia and elsewhere in Asia.

F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia publishes a large photograph of Edward Everett Hale, which presents a striking likeness of the preacher-writer in his later years.

Finance.

AFTER THE TARIFF.

Three or four months ago, it was the commonplace of Wall Street discussion to find every prediction of prosperity conditioned on, or at all events limited in date by, the enactment and signing of the tariff bill. Sometimes the prophets promised a trade boom and a rising market "if a satisfactory bill passes," but more often "when the bill passes." Senator Aldrich, in a speech in April,

observed that "the era of prosperity is likely to continue uninterrupted with the enactment of wise tariff legislation." Since numerous schedules of the Senate bill, which Mr. Aldrich fathered, have been thrown out in conference, it might have been questioned whether, on the condition above assigned, the promise regarding prosperity would hold good. But most of the prophets framed their prediction in the fashion of Mr. Schiff: "As soon as tariff revision is settled definitely, America will enter upon a period of unexampled prosperity."

There was some question, even in April, as to whether a country possessing, as seemed to be assumed, all the elements that go to make up prosperity, was usually in the habit of waiting for an arbitrarily selected event before its merchants and speculators adjusted themselves to the prosperous conditions. Had it been a question between a revolutionary cut in the protective duties and maintenance of the existing schedules, hesitation could be understood. No manufacturer, importer, or merchant could then make any plans for the future. But no such condition existed. Two or three weeks after the convening of the extra session on March 15, every one knew what the general character of the new tariff bill would be. There were some exceptions. Makers of gloves, of hosiery, and of certain lines of cotton goods, remained for some time in doubt; yet even their doubts affected the question whether their commodities would get higher duties, or not. The trade in which reduced protection was a foregone conclusion from the start—largely because of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's exploit at Washington—was steel and iron, and the iron and steel trade has been expanding in activity ever since the tariff bill was introduced. The same thing has been true of the dry goods trade.

As for the Stock Exchange, where prices, inferentially, were to hang fire until the enactment of the tariff bill permitted a boom, St. Paul stock rose 16 points between the convening of the extra session and the final vote, New York Central 18, Amalgamated Copper 20, Union Pacific 26, Steel common 30, and Reading 38. All this looked as if somebody was too impatient to wait until "tariff revision was settled definitely," or even for "the enactment of wise tariff legislation."

Nevertheless, the news of the passing of the bill last week was received in financial circles with interest and curiosity which were more than merely political. Probably nobody, on Wall Street at any rate, failed to ask himself whether this was not one of those strategic dates which should indicate our entry into a new chapter in the history of markets.

In recent years, there have been two notable instances of long-expected

events whose occurrence is traditionally believed to have affected profoundly a financial situation. The Peace of Portsmouth in August, 1905, was one; the election of Mr. Taft in November, 1908, was the other. In reality, however, the bearing of these two events on trade and on financial markets was not precisely what most people imagine. If their effect on general trade is considered, there will be seen in each period a steady industrial improvement—due to recovery from a severe financial setback—which began long before either the peace treaty or the election, and continued afterward much as it presumably would have done had no such political incident intervened.

As for the stock market, the story differed oddly on the two occasions. High Finance had each time calculated, as implicitly as it did last April in looking to the tariff bill, on a "boom in stocks" to follow the good news, and each time the market had anticipated what was to come. When the news actually came, in the one instance as in the other, somebody sold stocks heavily to realize profits on the anticipated sudden purchases by the public; but the sequels differed widely. In 1905, the market was instantaneously and unexpectedly confronted with extremely tight money, and the rest of the year passed in a rather desperate struggle by the high financiers to maintain their speculative positions. In 1908, the speculating public snatched the market away from the speculating capitalists, and ran away with it so rapidly that the first word heard from the financiers themselves was a warning of disaster if the public did not stop.

Here are two interesting precedents. They are in many ways fair instances in point. In both, the industrial and speculative revival which theoretically was to follow the event had in fact preceded it, and that is equally true of the present case. In both, the event to which expectations had been pinned was one sure to happen, and that is even more true of the tariff bill landmark. Last week's news was followed immediately by a sharp break in prices, and that, in turn, by a violent recovery, under the visible direction of the same interests as had been in self-constituted charge of the market all the summer.

This leaves it, on the whole, a matter of psychological rather than of economic interest, what is to happen next. Psychology does not yet rule the course of events in industry at large, but it is often supreme on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abel, A. H. History of Events Resulting in Indian Consolidation West of the Mississippi. From the Annual Report of the Amer. Hist. Assn. for 1906. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
- Adams, C. F. Physical Laboratory Manual for Secondary Schools. Revised edition. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Andrews, L. R. The White Peril, or How I Cured Myself of Consumption at Home. Revised edition, edited and compiled by A. B. Reader. Danbury, Conn.: White Peril Co.

Ashburn, P. M. Elements of Military Hygiene. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2 net.

Beadnell, H. J. L. An Egyptian Oasis: An Account of the Oasis of Kharga in the Libyan Desert. Dutton. \$3.50 net.

Bennett, A. The Old Wives' Tale: A Novel. G. H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Cullum, R. The Compact; Story of an Unrecorded Conspiracy in South Africa. G. H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.

Financial.

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